

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

An illustration at the top of the page, below the title, depicts a horse standing in a stable on the left and a room with a fireplace and a table on the right.

No. 295.—VOL. XII.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1879.

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6½d.



MLLE. LODY OF THE ODÉON THEATRE.

RAILWAYS.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

NEWMARKET RACES.—FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

SPECIAL FAST TRAINS conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Passengers, at Ordinary Fares, will run between Cambridge and London, as under—
 Tuesday, 23rd September. Friday, 26th September.
 London to Cambridge. Cambridge to London.

	a.m.		p.m.
King's Cross	dep. 9 0	Cambridge	dep. 4 40
Finsbury Park	9 8	Finsbury Park	arr. 5 55
Cambridge	arr. 10 35	King's Cross	6 0

* In connection with a Great Eastern Train from Cambridge at 10.50 a.m. or Newmarket.
 † In connection with 4.3 p.m. Ordinary Train Newmarket to Cambridge.
 Return Tickets available for One Month. Ordinary Trains leave Cambridge at 4.30 and 7.40 p.m., reaching King's Cross at 5.55 and 9.15 p.m. First, Second, and Third Class Passengers will also be booked from Cambridge to London by the Return Trains.

HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

London, King's Cross Station, September, 1879.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

NEWMARKET RACES.

FIRST OCTOBER MEETING, 23rd, 24th, 25th, and 26th September, 1879.

FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD CLASS TRAINS will run as under:—			
St. Pancras dep.	Liverpool-st. dep.	Newmarket due.	
7.33 a.m.	7.35 a.m.	9.55 a.m.	
9.30 a.m.	9.30 a.m. (Special)	11.22 a.m.	
9.45 a.m.	9.45 a.m. (Special, 1st Class only)	11.45 a.m.	
10.15 a.m.	10.23 a.m.		
12. 3 noon	11.35 a.m. (Express)	2. 8 p.m.	
2.25 p.m.	2.20 p.m. (Express)	4.32 p.m.	
5. 5 p.m.	5.15 p.m. (Express)	7.40 p.m.	

Returning from Newmarket to Liverpool-street and St. Pancras at 8.4 and 9.1 a.m., 12.30, 4.3, and 6.2 p.m.
 On Monday, 22nd Sept., Special Trains will leave Cambridge for Newmarket on arrival of the 2.25, 5.5, and 10.0 p.m. Trains from St. Pancras, and the 2.20, 5.15, 7.32, and 10.2 p.m. Trains from Liverpool-street, conveying 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Passengers.

A First-class Special Train for Newmarket will leave St. Pancras and Liverpool-street at 9.45 a.m. on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 23rd, 24th, 25th, and 26th Sept., and return from Newmarket each day one hour after the advertised time of the last race.

A First, Second and Third-class Special Train will leave St. Pancras and Liverpool-street on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, 23rd, 24th, 25th, and 26th Sept., at 9.30 a.m., for Newmarket, returning from Newmarket at 5.45 p.m. on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and at 5.0 p.m. on Friday.

S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

London, September, 1879.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—

TWO MONTHS and FORTNIGHTLY RETURN TICKETS are now issued to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Cromer, Aldeburgh, Harwich, Dovercourt, Walton-on-the-Naze, and Hunstanton.

Every Saturday, first, second, and third class Return Tickets at Reduced Fares are issued by all trains from London to Hunstanton, Cromer, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Walton-on-the-Naze, Dovercourt, Harwich, or Aldeburgh, available for return by any of the advertised trains on any day up to and including the Wednesday following the day of issue.

A Special Excursion Train to Walton-on-the-Naze, Dovercourt, and Harwich will leave the Liverpool-street Station every Sunday at 9.0 a.m., and every Monday (calling at Stratford), at 8.0 a.m. Fares—8s., 6s., 4s.

Broxbourne and Rye House every Sunday at 10.0 a.m., and every Monday and Saturday at 9.30 and 10.2 a.m., 12.45, and 2.45 p.m. Fares—3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d.

Epping Forest.—Excursion Tickets will be issued every Sunday and Monday to Woodford, Buckhurst Hill, and Loughton. Fares—2s., 1s. 6d., 1s. To Chingford—2s., 1s. 4d., 1s.

For full particulars see handbills and time books.
 London, September, 1879. S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

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	From Glasgow.	From Liverpool.
COLUMBIA	Sailed.	Sailed.
INDIA	Saturday, Sept. 27	Wednesday, Oct. 1
TRINACRIA	Oct. 18	Oct. 22
ITALIA	To follow.	To follow.

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This favourite Dinner is accompanied by a Concert of high-class Instrumental Music, under the direction of Mr. Augustus L. Tamplin.

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DRAWN BY

JOHN STURGESS,

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THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.—

PROMENADE CONCERTS

Under the direction of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. Musical Director, Mr. Arthur Sullivan. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Cellier.
 Last week but one. Every evening at 8. The following artistes will appear during the week: Mrs. Osgood, and Miss Mary Davies; Madame Patey, Miss Orridge, and Madame Antoinette Sterling; Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. McGuckin, Mr. Maybrick, and Mr. Santley; Mr. Charles Halle, the celebrated Pianist, Mr. Howard Reynolds. The orchestra consists of 85 performers. Leader, Mr. A. Burnett. Grand Selection from Bizet's successful Opera, "Carmen," for full Orchestra and Military Band. Monday next, Beethoven's Symphony (No. 7). Wednesday next, Classical night. Friday next, English night.—Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d. to £4 4s. Dress Circle, 2s. 6d. Stalls, 2s. Promenade, One Shilling. Box-office open daily from 10 to 5.

LYCEUM.—MR. HENRY IRVING begs to inform the public that this theatre will reopen to-night (SATURDAY) when, for a few nights (prior to the production of "THE IRON CHEST") will be presented the play of **THE BELLS**, Mathias, Mr. Irving. Preceded by an original comedieta by A. W. Pinero, entitled **DAISY'S ESCAPE**, and conclude with Bayle Bernard's farce of **THE BOARDING SCHOOL**. Messrs. Barnes, C. Cooper, John Carter, F. Cooper, S. Johnson, Tyars, Pinero, Elwood, Andrews, &c.; Mesdames Florence Terry, Myra Holme, Alma Murray, Harwood, Ewell, Pauncefort. On Saturday, next, the 27th, **THE IRON CHEST** will be produced. Sir Edward Mortimer (first time) Mr. Irving. The Box-office now open from ten till five, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Hurst.

LAST DAYS of the HAYMARKET THEATRE
 as the structure at present exists. Last eight nights of Mr. JOHN S. CLARKE as Doctor Pangloss, LL.D. and A.S.S., and Major Wellington de Boots. Doors open 7.30, performances begin at 8 punctually.—HAYMARKET THEATRE.

MR. JOHN S. CLARKE. Every evening the performance will commence with Coleman's Comedy of the **HEIR-AT-LAW**, with new scenery by T. W. Hall, and the following cast:—Dr. Pangloss, LL.D. and A.S.S., Mr. John S. Clarke; Dick Dowlas, Mr. H. B. Conway; Zekiel Homespun, Mr. Charles Harcourt; Steadfast, Mr. John Ryder; Daniel Dowlas, Mr. H. J. Turner; Kenrick, Mr. H. Rivers; Henry Morland, Mr. J. C. Buckstone; John, Mr. James; Waiter at the Blue Boar, Mr. Weathersby; Cicely Homespun, Miss Linda Dietz; Caroline Dormer, Miss Blanche Henri; Deborah Dowlas, Miss Emily Thorne. To conclude with the comedy, in three acts, of **A WIDOW HUNT**: Mr. Clarke as Major Wellington de Boots. Doors open at 7.30, commence at 8. Box office open from 10 till 5. HAYMARKET THEATRE.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD. Open at 7. Burnand's **UNCLE 7.30**, and at 9.30, a new Burlesque, by Henry J. Byron, **HANDSOME HERNANI**. Close at 11. Prices from 6d. No fees. Miss E. Farren, Miss K. Vaughan, Mr. E. Terry, Mr. E. Royce, and the whole of the Gaiety Company. Afternoon performances every Saturday 2 to 5.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.
 Every evening at 7.45, **DRINK**—a complete success. Mr. Charles Warner as Coupeau in the New Sensational Drama, **DRINK**, the only authorised version of the French play "L'Assommoir," by Charles Reade.

CRITERION THEATRE.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHAS. WYNDHAM. **BETSY**, another genuine Criterion success. Every Evening, at 8, the new Comedy, in three acts, adapted from the French of MM. Hennequin and Najac, authors of "The Pink Dominoes," by F. C. Burnand, Esq., entitled **BETSY**, in which Messrs. H. Standing, A. Maltby, Lytton Sothorn, George Giddens, and W. J. Hill, Mesdames Lottie Venne, Mary Rorke, A. Edgeworth, Maude Taylor, Fleury, and Stephens will appear. Preceded by, at 8, **JILTED**, by A. Maltby. Doors open at 7.30, commence at 8.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. B.

WEBSTER. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—Every Evening at 8, **THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN**. Messrs. Henry Neville, R. Pateman, F. W. Irish, E. J. George, F. Charles, H. Cooper, and Hermann Vezin; Mesdames Lydia Foote, Harriet Coveney, Maria Harris, and Clara Jecks. Preceded by **JESSAMY'S COURTSHIP**. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30. Box Office open 10 to 5. No booking fees. On Tuesday, Sept. 30, will be produced **RESCUED**, a new drama by Dion Boucicault.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr.

EDGAR BRUCE.—**CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK**, and **VENUS**. Great success. Roars of laughter. Crowded houses. The doors will open at 7.30. Performance commence at 8 o'clock precisely with the enormously successful comedy, **CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK**, by Geo. R. Sims. Followed at 10, by **VENUS**, by E. Rose and A. Harris. Music by E. Solomon. Messrs. Carlton, H. Astley, H. Saker, Sam Wilkinson, Desmond, and Charles Groves; Mesdames Nelly Bromley, Alma Stanley, Edith Blande, Marie Williams, Hastings, Phoebe Don, Carlin, Emilie Copsey, and Rose Cullen, &c.; and chorus. No booking fees.—Acting Manager, Mr. Augustus Harris.

COURT THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. WILSON BARRETT.

TO-NIGHT, SATURDAY, September 20, and every evening, at 8.0 o'clock, will be acted for the first time at this Theatre) a version, by Sutherland Edwards, Esq., of the Comedy, in Four Acts, **FERNANDE**, written by Victorien Sardou. The scenery by Messrs. George Gordon and Harford; the decorations, furniture, and appointments by Messrs. Amédée Joubert et Fils; the incidental music by Mr. Robert Stoepel. Characters by Messrs. Charles Coghlan, Wilson Barrett, Edward Price, John Benn, Arthur Dacre, Robert Langford, &c., and G. W. Anson; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Rosa Kenney, Leigh Murray, M. A. Giffard, M. Rotcheley, &c., and Miss Heath (Mrs. Wilson Barrett). Box-office open at the Theatre daily, from 11.0 to 5.0, where seats can be booked in advance, as well as at all the Libraries. No fees for booking. Mr. Barrett respectfully requests that the audience may find it convenient to be seated before the commencement of the comedy at 8.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Revival of James

Albery's successful comedy, **TWO ROSES**.—At 8 the celebrated Comedy in three acts, written by James Albery, entitled **TWO ROSES** (41th and following nights). Every Evening at 7.30, **HOME FOR HOME**. Concluding with **OUR DOMESTICS**, in which Messrs. David James and Thomas Thorne will sustain their original characters. Supported by Messrs. Henry How, Thomas Thorne, W. Herbert, Garthorne, Bradbury, Austin, L. Fredericks, Hargreaves, and David James; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Telbin, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.

Managers.—Messrs. Holt and Wilmot.

EVERY EVENING at 8, **NEW BABYLON**, by Paul Meritt. Return of the original company, as patronised by T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales. Box office open daily. No charge for booking.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE.—

Proprietor, Mr. T. G. CLARK.

Every evening at 7, the great Success by Henry Pettitt, entitled **THE BLACK FLAG**. Supported by Messrs. James, Sennett, Syms, Dobell, Monkhouse, Parker, &c.; Mesdames Verner, Victor, Denvil, Sennett, &c. To be followed by **JONES' COMIC SIX** in a screaming ballet, **FLIPTOMANIA**. Conclude with **MILES' BOY**. Mr. Monkhouse, &c. Dancing on the Illuminated Platform nightly.

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Every Evening, Quarter to Seven, **THREE LIVES**. Messrs. J. B. Howe, Evans, Towers, Bigwood, Charlton, Payne, Hyde, Mills; Mles. Adams, Rayner, Newham, Pettifer. After which **QUEEN MAB**. The Troubadour Quartette Coloured Troupe, Miss Laura Marsden, and Mr. Mark Albert. Concluding with, Wednesday excepted, **A FRENCH GIRL'S LOVE**. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Drayton, Lewis, Reeve; Mles. Bellah, Summers, Brewer. Wednesday only, conclude with **LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET**.

CANTERBURY.—DR. CARVER, the Champion

Rifle Shot of the World, every evening in his marvellous feats of Rifle shooting as performed before their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. Rifle shooting with Winchester Rifle. Shot Gun Shooting. Illustrations of throwing the lasso. Shooting Glass Balls thrown into the air while riding at full speed on Winnemucca, his favourite horse.

CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES.—

Under Royal Patronage.—Best entertainment in the world. Variety Artists, at 8, **PAT'S PARADISE**, last week, at 9, Miss Nelly Power, supported by Mles. Ada, Broughton, Powell, and Corps de Ballet.—Prices 6d. to £2 2s.

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COVENT GARDEN.

OPEN AT EIGHT.

Glees, Choruses, Madrigals and Part Songs by EVANS'S CHOIR
 Conducted by Mr. F. JONGHMANS.

The body of the Hall is reserved exclusively for Gentlemen.

SUPPERS AFTER THE THEATRES.

ADMISSION 2s.

Proprietor J. B. AMOR.

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MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LINGHAM PLACE. The Autumn Season will commence on MONDAY evening, Sept. 29th. For full particulars see daily papers.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS,

Regent's Park, are OPEN Daily (except Sundays), from 9.0 a.m. to Sunset. Admission 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d. The Band of the Royal Horse Guards, under the direction of Mr. Charles Godfrey, will, by permission of Lieut.-Colonel Owen L. C. Williams, perform in the Gardens at Four o'clock on every Saturday until the last Saturday in September. Amongst the latest additions are two Leopards and a Tigress, presented by H. E. Lord Lytton, Governor-General of India.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate.—Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. JOHN and RICHARD DOUGLASS.—Engagement for 18 nights only of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's Opera Company, in the world-renowned opera by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, **H.M.S. PINAFORE**, with all the original effects, and produced under the direction of the author and composer. Monday, September 22, and every evening at 7.30, **CUPS AND SAUCERS**, at 8, **H.M.S. PINAFORE**, at 10 AFTER ALL. Characters by Messrs. George Temple, Fabrian, Aynsley Cook, E. Mead, Billington, Montelli, Fitzalmon. Mesdames Dundas, Duglass, Gordon, Haidel, Frofton, &c. Box Office open 11 till 4. No fees for Booking.

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Universally acknowledged to be a wonderful Shillingsworth.

Always something new.

3.15. GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

6. RECITAL ON GREAT ORGAN—Mr. J. HALL.

8.0. AQUARIUM POPULAR PROMENADE CONCERT.

9.45. SECOND GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

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Being without Sugar, Spice, or other admixture, it suits all palates, keeps better in all climates, and is four times the strength of Cocosas thickened yet weakened with Starch, &c., and really cheaper. Made with boiling water, a teaspoonful to a Breakfast Cup, costing less than a halfpenny. In tin packets at 1s. 6d., 8s., 6s. 6d., &c. By Chemists and Grocers.

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Is the most delicate, digestible, cheapest Vanilla Chocolate, and may be taken when richer chocolate is prohibited.
 H. SCHWEITZER and Co., 10, Adam-street, Adelphi, W.C.

THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

THAT the drama has its votaries far and wide no one need be told, but it will astonish some readers to learn that amid the turmoil, excitement, and dangers of life in Afghanistan at the present time an amateur company has quietly set to work and organised a capital series of performances. Mr. Charles Pulley, Adjutant 3rd Goorkhas, has very kindly sent us, from Candahar, sketches of the Afghanistan Criterion Theatre and the performances which took place there, and next week we shall be delighted to give a page of drawings and a detailed criticism of the pieces played.

THOROUGHbred stock does not appear to be fetching very high prices in New York, if we may take the late sale of a draft from Mr. Pierre Lorillard's stable. Eight horses, three yearlings, a two-year-old, two of three, and two of four years old, fetched an average of 174, not pounds, but dollars—which makes all the difference. A four-year-old, Chancellor, fetched the highest price, 420 dollars, and a bay filly two years old, the lowest, 50. A portrait of Fred. Archer on Parole was put up for sale, and "attracted much attention;" but did not raise a bid. Meanwhile eight yearlings have been dispatched from Mr. Lorillard's American stable to England, and he is going to make a bold bid for the Derby, Oaks, and Leger of 1881.

TENORS who find that their voices are not what they were—and how many tenors are so found by others if not always by themselves!—will do well to get a friend to shoot them at an early opportunity. A charge of No. 12 is the best possible medicine for the complaint, so at least the *New York Spirit of the Times* seems to imply, and that clever paper has a startling way of getting behind the scenes and showing how things hang. The hero of the story is a tenor named Jacob Graff, who was badly wounded, and hovered on the point between life and death for a month. He "concluded to recover," and when he had effected this desirable object, found to his

great satisfaction that his voice had wonderfully increased in tone and sweetness. "All the really artistic tenors are now boring their friends to shoot them," the *Spirit of the Times* reports, and the writer hints that he is reserving his fire for Capoul. Even if he overdoes the remedy, I am not sure that the ranks of really artistic tenors will be seriously thinned.

ANOTHER dog story. There lived some time ago in the neighbourhood of Vichy a farmer who had a colley dog which was accustomed to go with him to market every Friday morning. The market town was some two or three miles from the farmer's house, and he always walked down, strolled round the market, and went to take breakfast, transact his business, &c., in a certain café. Three or four years ago the farmer died, and now on market days no one walks down to the town—except the dog. Every Friday morning he sets off on his own account at the same hour, goes to town, round the market, to the café, where he lies for an hour or more, and then quietly home. How the dog knows when Friday comes round, there being nothing to guide him, is one of the strange things in this story. Whether he hopes to find his master in the old spot, or why he goes unfailingly—who can tell?

WHEN a writer of Mr. Charles Reade's calibre ventures to display the ridiculous vanity of which the world has lately had several examples, he naturally catches it, and Mr. Reade has caught it accordingly. A writer in the *Evening Standard* so well sums up my sentiments in the matter that I have great pleasure in reproducing his article. "Nothing funnier than Mr. Charles Reade's notion of the sort of writing which prevents 'the literary character from falling into universal contempt' has been heard for a long time, and this amusing gentleman's last letter has all that grace and vigour which is at once characteristic of him and of the inferior grade of costermonger when he has had too much to drink. Mr. Reade informs the world that he has suffered some domestic trouble lately, and that it is, consequently, safe to attack him; but if he replies so energetically under these circumstances, what he would say if he were cheerful can only be dimly guessed. Some one has apparently written to the *Era*, under the signature, 'A French Boy,' and commented on a stupid advertisement, glorifying himself to the seventh dramatic heaven, which Mr. Reade has had the unblushing effrontery to publish; and this week Mr. Reade replies. The signature 'A French Boy,' he disposes of very curtly. 'The signature is a lie,' the adapter of *L'Assommoir* says, adding, with customary good taste, 'He is not a French boy, but an English skunk—an admirable specimen of the sort of writing which 'keeps the literary character from falling into universal contempt.' 'Charles Reade and his peers are,' he informs his hearers—who were certainly ignorant of the fact—the glory of letters; and when anybody 'attacks a Charles Reade in his business, it is as if Newgate were to pass strictures on the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench.' Mr. Reade evidently never improved his handwriting with the text, 'Self-praise is no recommendation.' It is strange that by this time he should not have learned that the world does not always take a man at his own valuation and is apt to resent this sort of vulgar swagger. What Mr. Reade would say of himself if his adaptations and translations were original work no one knows—probably the English language would not contain sufficient eulogistic terms. One thing is evident, however: if Mr. Reade did not say these brave things of himself no one would say them of him. Calling a man a skunk is hardly argument."

THIS boy, whose story is related in the *Atlantic Constitution*, certainly had an enthusiasm for sport, though there may have been weak places in the practice.

"A citizen driving in on the Holden road the other day, met a lad about twelve years old on the highway, some six or seven miles from the city. The boy had a shot-gun as long as himself, but no game, and the citizen inquired:

"Out for a hunt?"

"I was out for a hunt," was the reply.

"And you haven't killed anything?"

"Well, no."

"And do you expect to?"

"Not unless I can get within striking distance. You see, two of us came out together. After we got out here I wanted to hunt for lions, and the other boy wanted to shoot ostriches, and so we divided up. He took the powder and shot and I took the gun. I'm over here looking for turmps, and he's over in that field watching a holler log for bears. It's such hot weather I guess we won't have much luck, anyhow."

THERE is something nearly approaching to a strange coincidence about the sale of the Guildford coach-horses last year and this. In the former sale there were twenty-one lots, and they made 1,367 guineas, an average of 65 guineas per horse. This year there were also twenty-one lots, and they made £1,367, an average of £65 per horse. Depression of trade has therefore had but a very slight influence on the sale of coach-horses. The highest bid last year was £110 and the lowest £26; the highest this year was £125 and the lowest £24.

MR. MAX MARETZK, the American manager, has been engaged in producing Italian operas for twenty-six years, but does not propose to do so any more. His opinion on the subject is very strong indeed. Italian opera is dead, he declares. "The tail won't waggle, and when the lids are raised you'll find the eyes are glassy," is his way of summing up the matter; and he is going in now for native American opera. This he thinks is a sure card, and when a reporter went to interview him for the *New York Herald* the manager was in such a state of excitement about his anticipated success that he must have been dangerous. He told the reporter to look at him, to feel his muscle, and to hold him down, as he was consumed with a desire to jump on a chair and howl, a proceeding which he felt would not be dignified, though he desired to be told what

else a man could do who felt that he "was going to knock every *impresario* in the country into a cocked hat before the season was over." From the specimens of the libretto that are given it is evident that the lyrics will not be the strong point of the venture, and it seems improbable that the success will shut up Covent Garden next season.

A GLARING outrage has been perpetrated by a French journal, and repeated in many contemporaries. An arithmetician has so far forgotten himself as to publish a table, giving the ages of popular actresses and singers. Nothing more improper can be imagined. The dastard says that Mme. Doche was born in 1823; Alice Duval and Scriwaneck in 1824; Marie Laurent, 1826; Miolan Carvalho, 1827; Ugalde, 1829; Favart and Madeleine Brohan, 1833; Schneider, 1835; Mace-Montrouge and Jane Ellsler, 1836; Theresa, 1837; Aga, Delaporte, and Marie Sass, 1838; Carlotta Patti and Bianca, 1840; Rousseil, 1841; Krauss, 1842; Pierson, Montaland, Adelina Patti, 1843; Zulma Bouffar, Peschard, 1844; Sarah Bernhardt, 1845, or earlier; Nilsson, 1847; Daram, Croizette, Grivot, Broisat, 1848; Marie Roze, 1849; Judic, 1850; Paola Marie, 1851; Theo, Heilbron, and Granier, 1852. The portraits of nearly all these ladies have appeared in this journal, which gives me a sort of interest in them, and I am glad to point out the iniquity of the French compiler and his evil-minded copiers.

WILL there ever be another race like that between Semi-Franc and Belus, recorded by the "Druid," and how many of us will be in the swim? The season of St. Leger recalls the incident, which reads like a dream of Paradise in these "6 to 4 bar 1" days. Belus and Semi-Franc were left in the North of England Produce Stakes, but the latter, a fourteen-hand pony, had been permitted to run about in a pasture all the summer, and his owner, Mr. Jacques, went down to pay forfeit for him before the race. He happened to meet Lord Glasgow, however, who told Mr. Jacques that Belus was in a dreadful state, and if Semi-Franc were only alive he must win. "A messenger was accordingly despatched to Earby, and a nice job they had, with lanterns, to find 'the pony' on the fearfully wet evening of the Dutchman's Leger Day." Having found him, another difficulty arose about finding a rider, jockeys not caring to appear in what they expected would be a sort of "comic countryman scene." Finally John Sharp consented to try for twenty pounds, win or lose, and the two started, with odds of 100 to 1 on Belus, which the ring thought was coining money. The other could only raise a moderate canter, but it was enough to stop the cripple, and John Sharp's shaggy little mount won as he liked. To those who have come out of a bad season very much wrong side up I do not know whether such stories are more interesting or irritating.

THE end of *The Stranger* is wrapped in mystery. Does the hero of that rather dull, but by no means unpopular, story cast off Mrs. Haller at the last, or does he forgive her and take her to his heart as of yore? Two gentlemen in New York lately had a very serious quarrel about this, one maintaining that the play clearly pointed to the pardon of the erring lady, and that as the matter of fact Wallack, the best known "Stranger" of the New York stage, had invariably shown his forgiveness; while the other was equally strenuous in holding that had it been so another good moral would have gone wrong, and that as one more matter of fact, Wallack was always accustomed to cast Mrs. Haller off. Both were to some extent right, as Wallack explained. "When I have had a good dinner, and feel generally comfortable, I forgive Mrs. Haller, kiss, and make friends. If I have anything like a feeling of indigestion, I spurn her from me," said the actor. It is lucky that all authors have not given their exponents equal latitude, or we might find Rosalind scornfully rejecting Orlando, Romeo saying rude things to Juliet, Hamlet apologising to the King for his eccentricities, and Othello comfortably sitting down to supper with Desdemona and sending a page to ask Cassio to look in if he were disengaged.

RAPIER.

THE KENTISH FIRE BRIGADE.

THE art of killing two birds with one stone is a difficult one, which, however, Mr. Edmund Davis has, at least in one instance, come near to solving. His object was to furnish amusement to his friends and neighbours, and at the same time to assist some deserving object in his immediate locality; and to hit on an original idea in this direction was no doubt a very difficult task. Regattas, races of various kinds, cricket matches, &c., had all been done before at Ramsgate and elsewhere. What had not been done that was worth doing was the query to be answered, and at length a solution was found—a contest among native and foreign firemen, with prizes for those who showed most rapidity and adroitness in the course of their invaluable labours. There are excellent companies of firemen in the Isle of Thanet, and to see to what extent they could hold their own, several Continental brigades had been invited. That something was up in the neighbourhood of St. Peter's Cottage was at once evident to anyone who passed by that way, for the neighbourhood in general was on the alert for the arrival of the brigades, and the roads round about the picturesque spot where Mr. Davis has erected what he is pleased to call a "cottage" were thronged. A bearded and helmeted officer in a hackney carriage was the first harbinger of the procession, and in due time up dashed the first fire-engine. But there was some bad news also on the way. Owing to the state of the tide the Continental brigades could not possibly arrive in time, and nothing but a despairing telegram was heard of them. Luckily, however, there were enough of the native brigades to make a good competition—so many, indeed, that the question of where horses were to come from might have been awkward to solve had not Mr. Wattson, of Ramsgate, been, as usual, ready for all emergencies. How this well-known personage manages to do it is known only to himself; but the fact remains that whatever sort of animal may be in demand is at once forthcoming from his well-filled stables. A good weight-carrying hunter, a useful hack, a couple of ponies, a team, anything in fact in the horsey way, the Hereditary Postmaster to the Queen, Mr. Wattson, conjures up with wonderful celerity. Knowing he was equal to any demand that might be made upon him, the difficulty vanished, and animals from the Ramsgate stable were enlisted for the occasion.

An expanse of meadow land behind the house formed a capital field for the contest, and the space was well crowded

before the main body of the men arrived, led by Captain H. E. Davis on horseback, resplendent in a silver helmet, and accompanied by two mounted aides.

Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Sandwich, Deal, and Westgate-on-Sea, was the order of arrival, the engine attached to the latter—the coming watering-place, as its adherents maintain—being distinguished by neatly got-up postillions; and as soon as the necessary arrangements had been made the men fell to most valiantly on the dinner which had been provided for them. Huge rounds of beef and the contents of several bakers' shops, speedily began to disappear, and the havoc made on a dozen 18-gallon casks of beer spoke volumes for the capacity of the gallant firemen.

The competitions were:—First Drill—Six men: Two lengths of hose, not less than 50 feet, and two lengths of suction with copper strainer. Second Drill—Four men: Two lengths of hose, not less than 75 feet, and one length of suction with copper strainer. Third Drill—Two men: One length of hose, and one length of suction with copper strainer. Fourth Drill—One man: One length of hose, not less than 38 feet, and one length of suction with copper strainer.

The rapidity with which the engines were got into working order must have been comforting for those who have property in the neighbourhood, and in the "Water Drills" which followed, the huge jets of water, sent to fabulous heights, left no doubt as to the capacity of the engines.

But the nominal object of the gathering was not by any means the only amusement. Several bands of music were on the ground and the guests did not require a waxed ball-room floor to dance upon, but chose their partners and capered gaily; while for those who did not care to dance, a game of Kentish Kiss-in-the-Ring was organised, a pleasing variety on the original sport, for in this game every young gentleman was at liberty to kiss any young lady he liked, if he only took his hat off politely—or that at least seemed to be the rule so far as interested onlookers could judge. The day was all that could have been desired.

DRAMA.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

ON the withdrawal of *The Girls* it was, perhaps, natural that the managers of the Vaudeville should remember one of their greatest successes, and should venture for a second time to revive *The Two Roses*. The play hardly seems, perhaps, to deserve the critical raptures which greeted it on its first production; but it is a pleasant and clever comedy, the characters are strongly marked, and the dialogue has much smartness. In 1870 it was given with a very strong cast, for Mr. Montague and Miss Amy Fawcett played one pair of lovers, Mr. Irving and Mr. Honey appeared as Digby Grant and "our Mr. Jenkins," while subordinate parts were entrusted to scarcely less competent representatives. Now Mr. Howe, who has at last left his old home at the Haymarket, is Digby Grant, and though we miss the dry and eccentric flavour Mr. Irving imparted to the rôle, the impersonation is a sound and solid bit of acting, by no means wanting in character. Mr. James is "our Mr. Jenkins," and gives a very amusing picture of the good-natured bagman whose unregenerate nature struggles through the veneer of a black coat and white tie. Mr. Herbert plays Jack Wyatt with manly earnestness, looks the frank young lover to the life, and, indeed, no better representative could have been found for the part. His acting was thoroughly intelligent and satisfactory, and the managers of the Vaudeville are to be congratulated on securing so admirable a *jeune premier*. Mr. Thorne was the original Caleb Deciee, and the blind man, with a turn for pleasant satire, is shown us with careful art. Miss Kate Bishop's Ida was satisfactory, but Miss Illington's Lottie must have made Mr. Albery shudder. Miss Larkin was genuinely humorous as the virtuous spouse of the henpecked Jenkins, and Miss Richards was an excellent landlady. The scenery was bright and effective, and the comedy was received with all possible marks of approval. Mr. Lee's comedietta *Home for Home*, in which Mr. Howe played, preceded *The Two Roses*, and the roaring farce of *Our Domestic*, in which Messrs. James and Thorne caused much amusement, concluded the entertainments. The Vaudeville programme just now is a strong one, and should find many patrons.

The Court Theatre opens this evening (Saturday) under Mr. Wilson Barrett's management. A version of *Fernande* will be given on the occasion, supported by Messrs. Coghlan and Anson and Miss Heath.

Mr. Irving also opens on the same evening, with *The Bells*, pending the production of *The Iron Chest*, in which he will play Sir Edward Mortimer. The Lyceum company has been strengthened, and Miss Ellen Terry still remains its "bright particular star."

On Monday next Miss Litton reopens the Imperial with *The Beau's Stratagem*. The season will be devoted to old comedies.

On the 27th, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft will be back again at the Prince of Wales's, and will open with Mr. Albery's version of *Les Bourgeois de Pontarcy*, which has been christened *Duty*.

On the 30th, Mr. Boucicault's new play *Rescued* will be given at the Adelphi. It is called a "sensational domestic drama," and the cast includes Messrs. Neville, Fernandez, Taylor, and Irish, and Mesdames Pateman, Moodie, and Mellon. In another column we give an American opinion of the play, which has lately been produced at Booth's theatre.

Messrs. Hare and Kendal open at the St. James's on October 4th, when *Monsieur le Duc*, a little piece by Mr. Prinsep, will precede *The Queen's Shilling*, which, it will be remembered, was given successfully at the Court *matinées* last season.

Mr. Fleming Norton, favourably known as a very clever entertainer, is engaged to replace Mr. Taylor as Sir Joseph Porter in *H.M.S. Pinafore* at the Olympic, and should play the character exceedingly well.

The Gaiety *matinées* recommence this (Saturday) afternoon, when *Hernani* will be played, preceded by a farce.

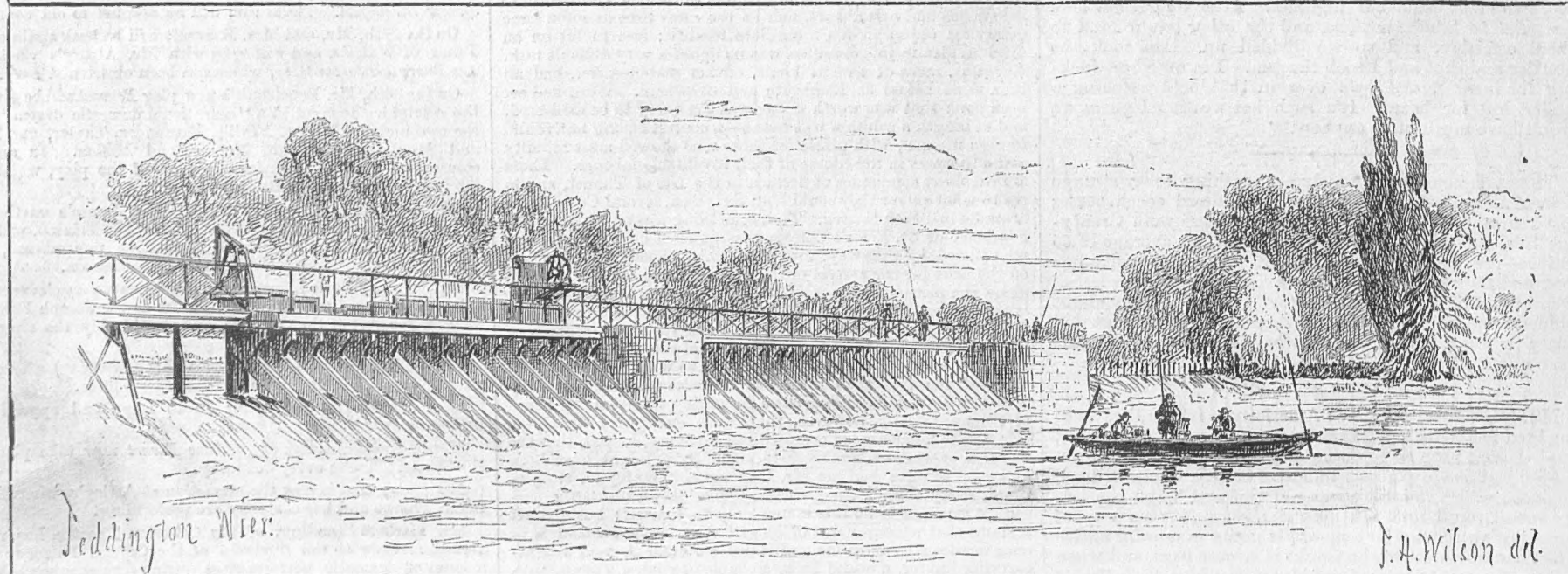
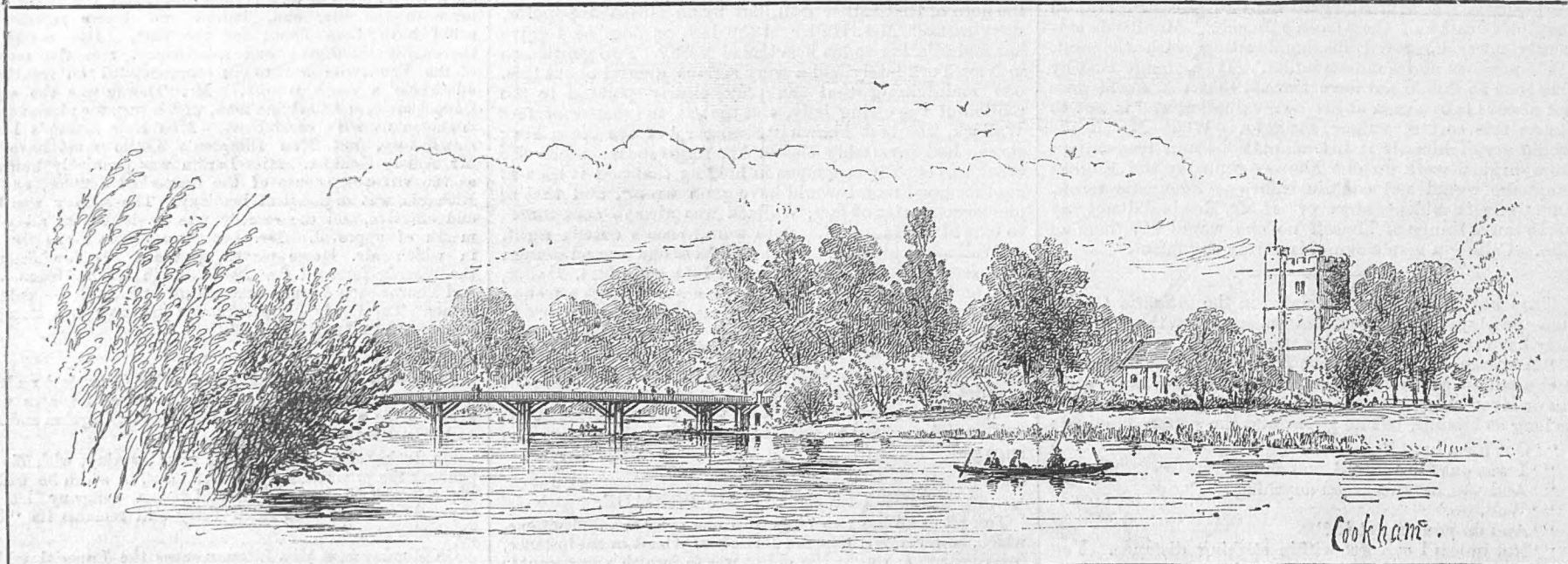
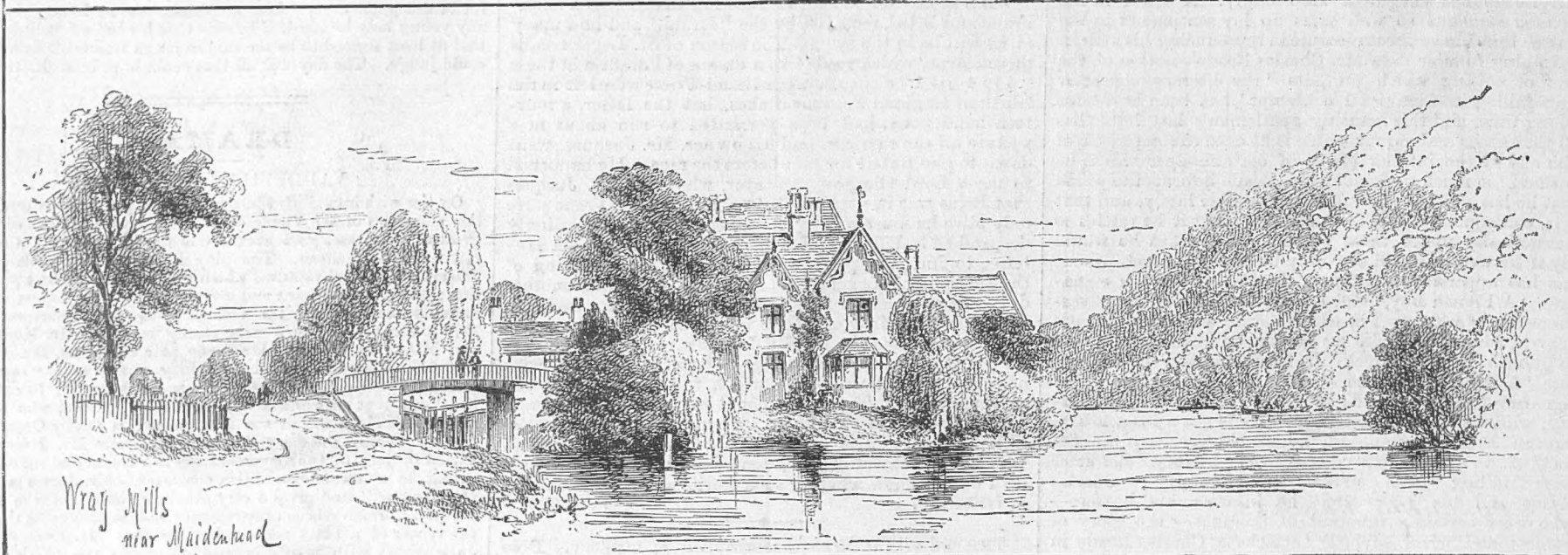
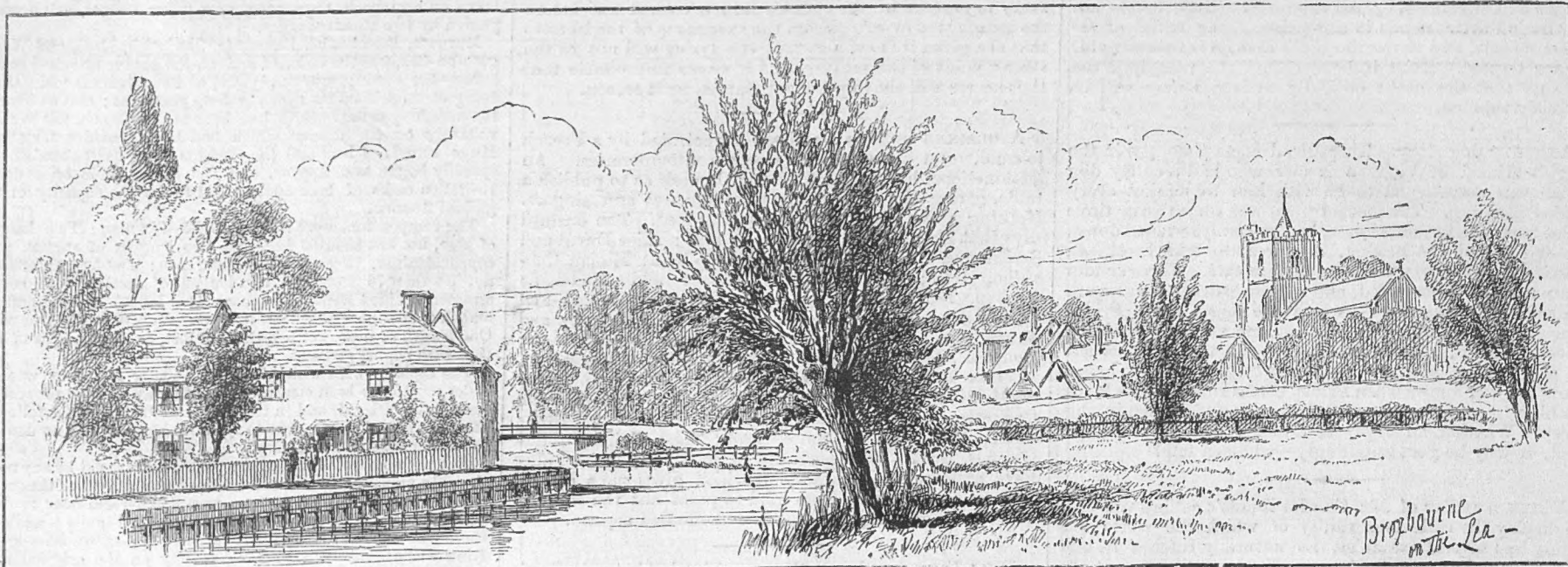
Miss Jennie Lee is playing *Jo* to large and appreciative audiences at the Surrey Theatre.

Morning performances of *Madame Favart* now take place at the Strand Theatre every Saturday.

The Flying Scud is now the attraction at Astley's, where Miss Sarah Thorne and her company are performing.

Mr. Herbert Standing, of the Criterion Theatre, has made arrangements with the directors of the Crystal Palace to give a series of dramatic performances during the ensuing season. Amongst them will be *Rob Roy*, in which Mr. Barton McGuckin, the well-known tenor vocalist, will make his first appearance on the stage as Francis Osbaldistone.

Mr. James Stride, so long associated with Drury Lane Theatre, will take a complimentary benefit at the Imperial Theatre on Monday and the five following nights. The performances will include *The Beau's Stratagem* and other pieces.





MUSIC.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The prospectus of the ensuing series of Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace has just been issued, and presents many features worthy of consideration. The season will commence this day fortnight, Saturday, Oct. 4, when Schumann's symphony in B flat, No. 1, Mendelssohn's violin concerto, Mozart's *Zauberflöte* overture, and other well-known works, will be presented. As usual at these well-arranged concerts there will be a novelty; in this case a selection from the ballet music to *Sylvie*, composed by L. Delibes. The Violin Concerto will introduce Maurice Dengremont, a French violinist, who has established for himself a distinguished position in art, although still under 13 years of age. The vocalist will be Miss Emma Thursby. The prospectus also contains the programmes of the concerts to be given Oct. 11th, 18th, and 25th, and several interesting novelties are promised—especially the *Frithjof* Symphony of Hofmann, to be played at the second concert of the series.

At the last nine concerts of the series the nine symphonies of Beethoven will be played in chronological order, and the repertory of the season will include imported orchestral works by Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Wagner, and Brahms, besides lighter pieces, such as Gounod's *Funeral March of a Marionette*, Sullivan's *Dance of Nymphs and Reapers*, the ballet music from *Il Re di Lahore*, &c. It is, however, in reference to the forthcoming novelties that the prospectus presents specially interesting features, and the following list of ensuing additions to the Crystal Palace repertory will repay perusal:—

H. HOFMANN.—Symphony, "Frithjof."
RAFF.—"Spring Symphony" (No. 8, in A).
LISZT.—Symphonic Poem No. 12, "The Ideal" (after Schiller).
WAGNER.—Scenes from "Die Meistersinger," as arranged for the concert-room by the composer.
VERDI.—Ballet Music, "The Four Seasons" (from "I Vespri Siciliani"). Overture to "Aroldo."
RUBINSTEIN.—"Symphonie Dramatique."
PONCHIELLI.—"Danza delle Ore" (from "La Gioconda").
MANCINELLI.—Overture and Selection from the Incidental Music to "Cleopatra."
BAZZINI.—Overture to "King Lear."
FORANI.—Concert-Overture No. 1, in C.
BERLIOZ.—Selections from "Roméo et Juliette" and "La Damnation de Faust."
GOUNOD.—"Procession Sacrée" and Selection from the Ballet Music to "Polyeucte."
DELIBES.—Cortège de Bacchus and Divertissement from the Ballet "Sylvia."
SAINT-SAËNS.—"Le Rouet d'Omphale."
SVENDSEN.—"Carnaval de Paris" and Rhapsodie Norvégienne No. 4.
DVORAK.—Slavonian Dances, Second Series.

Among the works of the English school intended to be brought forward are Prelude and Funeral March from *Ajax*, by Sterndale Bennett; Prelude and Fugue for Orchestra, by G. E. Davenport; Scherzo, by A. C. Mackenzie; a Concerto for Pianoforte, by C. H. H. Parry (pianist, Mr. Dannreuther); and an instrumental piece by each of the four composers who have held the Mendelssohn Scholarship, viz., Dr. Arthur Sullivan, Dr. C. Swinerton Heap, Mr. William Shakespeare, and Mr. Francis Corder.

The last-mentioned announcement will be received with gratification, for it must be admitted that the musical directors of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts have not hitherto been renowned for patronage of native art. The concerts will be suspended from Saturday, December 20, to Saturday, January 24, inclusive, and will conclude April 24 with the usual benefit concert of Mr. August Manns, who happily retains his post as conductor. The subscription is two guineas (less than 2s. per concert) for a transferable stall for the twenty-three concerts, and lovers of high-class music could hardly find a better investment.

COVENT GARDEN CONCERTS.

If it were not for Messrs. A. and S. Gatti's Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, metropolitan lovers of music would just now be without any resource, so far as public entertainments are concerned. These concerts are so well arranged that enjoyment is provided for almost every class of music-lovers, although it must be admitted that since Mr. Arthur Sullivan has been the musical director the so-called "music of the future" has been scantily presented. Few amateurs will be found to complain of this. The Wagner craze has died out for ever, and although every musician must be ready to acknowledge that Herr Wagner has written many things which the world "will not willingly let die," the recognition of this fact does not involve an acceptance of the crude, erratic, and formless stuff with which the latest works of the Bayreuth prophet abound. The scheme adopted last year—at the suggestion of a member of our staff—of performing the symphonies of Beethoven in chronological order, has been adopted this season with the happiest results, and the Monday Beethoven Concerts have gradually become "classical" concerts, like those which used formerly to be given on Wednesdays only. The appeal thus made to cultivated amateurs has met with a ready and liberal response. The Monday and Wednesday classical concerts attract thousands of visitors, and although amongst them there may be many to whom an orchestral symphony is "leather and prunella," indifferent listeners are often converted into delighted recipients of an enjoyment rendered doubly enjoyable by its unexpectedness, and thus the march of musical progress is accelerated. To enter into details of the concerts given during the past week will be unnecessary. It will be sufficient to say that the high character of the concerts has been preserved. Beethoven's sixth symphony (the "Pastoral") was played on Monday last, and another great work, the "Concert Stück" of Weber, was played; the pianist Mr. Charles Hallé, whose first appearance for the season had been heartily greeted on the previous Saturday. The *Carmen* selection has been wisely curtailed, and is now much more acceptable. On Monday next Beethoven's seventh symphony will be performed.

So far as vocal music is concerned, it cannot be said that the management of the Covent Garden Concerts is faultless. Singers of undoubted ability are engaged, but their abilities are not turned to the fullest profit. As we remarked on a former occasion, vocal music includes more than bravura arias and ballads; and vocal concerted music, in the shape of trios, quartettes, &c., should be included in the Covent Garden programme. In the next place, the quality of the vocal solos introduced at these concerts is, for the most part, open to severely hostile criticism. The vocalists appear to be at liberty to sing just what they please, and the consequence is that good taste is offended by the constant introduction of "royalty" songs, the singers receiving so much per copy on all that the publishers sell. The "royalty system" is the bane of modern vocal music, and is a pest which ought to be suppressed.

When a vocalist is engaged he should be required to produce his repertory, and to state which of his songs are those on which he receives so much per copy "royalty." These songs he (or she) should not be permitted to sing until they have been examined and approved by the musical director, who would then incur a grave public responsibility. Had this plan been adopted during the current season at Covent Garden, we should not have been compelled to listen to the trashy songs which have been too abundant in the programmes. It may be too late now to alter arrangements made with vocalists whose engagements have been drawn up without restrictions, but in future seasons care should be taken that the quality of the vocal music shall be equal to that of the orchestral music presented at these concerts.

The "encore system" is another crying nuisance, which should be vigorously combated. A "royalty song," received with indifference or quiet contempt by four thousand amateurs, is encored by the persistent efforts of a dozen friends of the singer or the publisher; the singer returns to the platform, and sings another royalty song, and the régime of the music-hall prevails in a locality where Mozart and Beethoven find thousands of worshippers. Mr. Arthur Sullivan has tried hard, but in vain, to abate this vulgar nuisance, but it is not likely to be suppressed until strong measures are adopted. M. Rivière set a good example at his recent promenade concerts at the Crystal Palace, in announcing that encores were strongly deprecated; that in no case would a fresh song be substituted for any song which might be encored; and that only the last verse of any encored song would be repeated. The British public is, after all, a *bon diable*, and will soon be found willing to conform to regulations founded on common sense and conducive to general comfort. Messrs. A. and S. Gatti have shown themselves to be not merely commercial *entrepreneurs*, but men of good sense and taste, and it is to be hoped that next season they will take the necessary steps to abate the "encore nuisance," while securing better and more varied vocal music than that to which we have drawn attention.

M. Rivière's promenade concerts at Covent Garden will commence on Monday, October 6, Messrs. A. and S. Gatti having met his wishes by consenting to take their annual benefit on the last night of their season, Saturday, October 4. M. Rivière has engaged a band of 100 performers, a chorus, and a military band. His prima donna will be Miss Emma Thursby, and on the first night of the season his Grand March, "Honour to the Brave," dedicated to the heroes of Rorke's Drift, will be performed by the full band and chorus.

Signor Campobello is making a successful tour in the French provinces, and recently made so great a sensation at Arcachon that the administration arranged a second special concert, in order that he might be heard again by the visitors who have this season flocked to Arcachon.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Mlle. ALICE LODY.

A FRENCH critic says in writing of Mlle. Alice Lody that there are actresses like nations, happy in having no history. It is not easy to agree with him entirely, for the history of brilliant successes is surely better than a blank record. The private life of Parisian actresses is, however, so mixed up with their public career, that to those who know the French stage and grasp the meaning of the remark there is something more than a compliment in the criticism. And those who have seen the young Odéon actress know that if she has not a history, there is every prospect of her making one for herself; indeed, the critic referred to speaks of the Théâtre Français as quite within the range of her reasonable ambition. When quite a child Mlle. Lody made her *début* at the Gymnase in a piece called *Monsieur Alphonse*, and she has gradually worked her way in a manner which has earned the admiration and respect of those whose opinion is worth most.

THE ST. LEGER.

The race for the Leger needs no new verbal illustration, and Mr. Sturges's picture tells its own story with sufficient directness. Rayon d'Or is shown as he appeared coming into the straight at the head of the procession; while Zut, who had been generally backed for the singular reason that he was supposed to be the inferior horse, proved to be even worse than was supposed. A more unpopular win has rarely been recorded; but if people suppose that the noble Comte de Lagrange is deeply affected at that circumstance, people will be a considerable way from the truth.

SCENE FROM "OUR DOMESTICS."

When some years ago a French company played a well-selected *répertoire* in London, few pieces were more successful than *Les Domestiques*, and visitors will remember MM. Didier, Schey, Mlle. Wilhem, and their diverting companions in that merry piece. That it would find an English dress was a matter of certainty, and luckily the adaptation fell into good hands. Produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, the farce at once made a hit, and its revival greatly strengthens the programme at Messrs. James and Thorne's house, seeing that the managers themselves assume the principal characters. The illustration represents the little entertainment which the servants get up for themselves at its height.

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE, PAST AND PRESENT.

Our article descriptive of the curious changes which have so completely altered the character and functions of what was the Queen's Theatre will be found on page 19. We accidentally omitted to mention what ought in common fairness to appear, namely, that Messrs. Kirk and Randall were the contractors, and Messrs. Whelpdale the general fitters and furniture.

"THEY WON'T BITE."

The title of the picture implies a reproach which it is not easy to comprehend. The "fish" is attractive enough, and "if" they do not bite there must surely be something wrong about the bait that is used. Such a prize should certainly attract anglers. The oft-quoted lines tell us that

Pleasant it is in a boat to glide
On a river whose ripples to ocean haste,
With indolent fingers fretting the tide,
And an indolent arm round a darling waist.

Here is the waist, and that the arm should be wanting is inexplicable.

HARVESTING SCENES.

After the dire threatenings of floods, cold winds, and cloudy skies, happy indeed was the outburst of sunshine which made this year's harvesting a possibility. Anxious speed cried, "Up with the sun," and made the carrying of the "last load" one of more than ordinary triumph and gratulation, and although at the harvest supper there was much pursing up of lips and doubtful shaking of sage heads over the general result of the preceding operations, yet everybody admitted, with a sigh perhaps, that it

might have been worse, and so proceeded to make the best of it with much drinking of heartily proposed, seconded and accepted toasts, accompanied by lusty cheering and singing of quaint old songs suitable for the occasion, which have done duty in the winding up of many generations of harvesting scenes in the years that are gone.

RIVER HAUNTS OF "THE GENTLE CRAFT."

It is an undoubted fact that a great many well-to-do Englishmen know much more of foreign countries than of their own. If ever the upper reaches of the Thames should become fashionable, those who followed the fashion would have cause to rejoice. Except a few popular haunts here and there little is known to the majority of Londoners of the exquisitely beautiful scenery within such easy distance. One of our artists this week has given some hints of the delightful pictures which anyone may see for himself who goes to the small expense of taking a ticket and gives himself the trouble of getting into a train. If the pictures induce readers who do not know the banks of the Thames to go and make their acquaintance, they will certainly thank us for the hint.

BATHING AT MONACO.

At most of the English watering places, if not at all, the old-fashioned bathing gown still lingers, but it can hardly be used by any who have adopted the infinitely more agreeable Continental fashion. The "gross impropriety" of "mixed bathing" has of course excited the wrath of hypercritics, who denounce the pleasant system as a direct invention of the Scarlet Woman, and say many terrible things about it. We yield to none in regard for decency, but must confess that we see no sort of evil in the style of bathing as carried on at Dieppe, Trouville, Monaco, and the rest of the popular watering places abroad. At these resorts those who wish for privacy can obtain it. There is always, so far as our experience goes, a place set apart for ladies who wish to bathe by themselves, and another restricted to men *seu*, who are only bound to wear a *caleçon* or pair of bathing drawers. At the mixed bath the ladies all wear their picturesque dresses, neat little hats or caps, and shoes or boots if they please: while the men are obliged to attire themselves in *maillots*. It is certain that many English families of the very highest and most undoubted position bathe thus, and feel none the worse but all the better for it afterwards.

There are few prettier sights than the beach at one of these bathing places on some fine morning when the sun is shining on the little waves that spread over the shingle towards high water mark. The neatly clad damsels come tripping down the beach, disappear into a "cabin," and are for a time lost to sight; to emerge anon in brightly-coloured costumes—tunic, knickerbockers, coquettish little straw hat and white canvas shoes. Boards are placed to the water's edge, and down these the modern mermaids patter; at Monaco a boarded way leads at once into tolerably deep water, and there is a high flight of steps for the adventurous to jump from. At the majority of places, however, one goes in from the beach; then a few paces bring the bathers into water knee-deep, and if they know how to swim, as we will hope they do, a plunge right into the wave that comes towards them is the next proceeding. A little way out there will generally be found a boat, with a set of steps up the side, and for this the swimmers make; for a dive from the height of the steps into the cool water below is one of the delights of bathing. For the less accomplished sisters there are *guides baigneurs*, who will see that no harm comes to their charges, and will do their best to instruct them in the art of swimming. "Doucement! doucement! m'am selle, ah! c'est tres bien! Maintenant les jambes—n'oubliez pas les jambes, ah! c'est tres bien," is heard on all sides, for the student of swimming has invariably a tendency to move the arms at too rapid a pace, and is frequently accustomed to forget the propelling power of the legs, and keep at least one foot on the ground. The *baigneurs*, too, act in a mild way as a sort of amphibious police on the very few occasions that they are required, as, for instance, when one of the *caleçons* approaches too near the central bathing ground. Surely this is better than hanging on to a rope, tied to a bathing machine, and clad in a blue bedgown, which clings to the limbs and prevents their freedom of motion?

Mr. H. Seligmann is engaged by the Düsseldorf Rhine "Gesang Musik Verein" to sing the tenor part in Haydn's *Seasons*, to be given in that city on the 23rd October next. As this is an unusual engagement for an English artist, we have pleasure in announcing it.

M. ROGER, the tenor, whose death we recently announced, has been buried with great pomp. Though he was deserted by his so-called friends in the last few years during which his life ebbed away in isolation, they all gathered round his grave. One of our daily contemporaries remarks:—"This would be praiseworthy if it were meant as a tribute of respect to the dead; but it becomes very offensive when this posthumous tribute is turned to account by the living as a means of pushing themselves into notoriety. This system of funeral self-advertising is peculiar to Paris. The moment a man dies here who has had an hour's notoriety there is a whole flock of persons to attend his funeral, and make a speech over his grave, with the distinct object of bringing their names before the public. I think this kind of vampire oratory ought to be discouraged, but there seems little chance of it. As Gavarni said, 'Le public est trop bête!'"

MR. GEORGE ROBINS announces the theatrical wardrobe and a portion of the library belonging to the late eminent actor Mr. Phelps for sale by auction. Amongst the effects are a variety of costumes used by Mr. Phelps in his various impersonations, a few engravings of eminent actors in character, and some books of theatrical lore. The books include—Miller's "Ancient British Drama," Baker's "Biographica Dramatica," interleaved for notes; Hope's "Costumes of the Ancients," Massinger's Plays, and others. The engravings consist of portraits of Robert William Elliston, Charles Mathews, John Philip Kemble, Charles Young, Munden, Tyrone Power, Liston, M. Talma, Mlle. Mars, &c. Amongst the miscellaneous effects are the complete costumes used by Mr. Phelps in the characters of Timon of Athens; Leontes, in the *Winter's Tale*; Dr. Cantwell, in the *Hypocrite*; Bertuccio, in *The Fool's Revenge*; King Lear; Hotspur; Othello; Falstaff; Richard III.; Shylock; King John; William Tell; Sir Giles Overreach, in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*; Mephistopheles, in Bayle Bernard's version of *Faust*, produced at Drury-lane; Henry V.; Manfred; King o' Scots, in Andrew Halliday's dramatised version of "The Fortunes of Nigel," and many others.

At the Rugby Petty Sessions on Tuesday, John Mills, of Syston-street, Leicester, was charged with obtaining a silver cup, value five guineas, from the Rugby Cricket Club Sports Committee, on Whit Monday, by means of false representations. Defendant, it was alleged, entered for the 120 yards flat race, open to amateurs only, under the name of Walker, of Leicester, and won the race, receiving the cup as the prize, and signing for it in the name of Walker. It was afterwards discovered that the prisoner's real name was Mills, and that he was a professional runner. The magistrates committed the defendant for trial at the Warwickshire Michaelmas Quarter Sessions, bail being allowed—defendant in £20, and two sureties.

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The CHELMSFORD TWO-YR-OLD PLATE.—Count F. de Lagrange's Innocent (J. Goater), 1; Scot Guard, 2; Shaker, 3. 3 ran.
The SCRIPS PLATE.—Count F. de Lagrange's Polka (R. Morris), 1; Siebert, 2; Miss Lingerer, 3. 5 ran.
The CHELMSFORD AUTUMN HANDICAP.—Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Kingfisher (J. Macdonald), 1; Plaisante, 2; Thunderstone, 3. 5 ran.
A HUNTERS' SELLING PLAT RICE.—Mr. A. Yates's James I. (Mr. Letheram), 1; Agnes Peel, 2; Executioner, 3. 3 ran.
The MOULSHAM HURDLE RACE PLATE.—Mr. Tuckwell's Milkmaid (Levitt), 1; Roedeer, 2; Hesperian, 3. 4 ran.
THURSDAY.
The WEST ESSEX COUNTY MEMBERS' WELTER PLATE.—Mr. C. Jones's Sleepy Eye (Greaves), w.o., and receives £30.
HER MAJESTY'S PLATE.—Prince Soltykoff's Thurio (Rossiter), 1; Abbaye, 2; Kingfisher, 3. 4 ran.
The SPRINGFIELD HURDLE RACE.—Mr. Tuckwell's Milkmaid (Levitt), 1; Roedeer, 2; Gwendoline, 3. 5 ran.
The CHELNER PLATE.—Mr. Gregory's Princess Mathilde (Barker), 1; Athelstone, 2; Siebert, 3. 5 ran.
GREAT BADDOW NURSERY.—Shaker, 1; Innocent, 2; Strathcoe, 3. 6 ran.

AYR MEETING.

WEDNESDAY.

The TRIAL PLATE.—Mr. T. Brown's Sunnybrae (C. Wood), 1; Lady Flora dilly, 2; Ascanius, 3. 8 ran.
The WESTERN HUNTERS' STAKES.—Mr. W. B. Fauld's Miss Yorke (Mr. G. Steele), 1; Montauban, 2; St. George, 3. 4 ran.
The NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Lord Rosebery's Cipolata (C. Wood), 1; Cheviot, 2; Knight of Athol, 3. 8 ran.
A PLATE.—Mr. J. B. Cookson's Hazelnut (Fagan), 1; Leona, 2; Virginia colt, 3. 9 ran.
A MAIDEN PLATE.—Lord Rosebery's Pelleas (T. Hopper), 1; Festive, 2; Portia, 3. 8 ran.
A FREE HANDICAP.—Duke of Montrose's Strathblane (Hopper), 1; Palmiet, La Gitana, 3. 4 ran.

THURSDAY.

The WELTER CUP.—Duke of Montrose's Strathblane (E. Moran), 1; Lady Nelson, 2; Palmiet, 3. 6 ran.
The JUVENILE STAKES.—Mr. W. Walker's Cariboo colt (Fagan), 1; Knight of Athol, 2; The Test colt, 3. 5 ran.
The COUNTY CUP.—Mr. W. Walker's Lochinvar (Tomlinson), 1; Flavius, 2; Wanderer, 3. 8 ran.
The AYRSHIRE HANDICAP.—Mr. J. T. Best's Peter (C. Wood), 1; Umbria, 2; Houaleyn, 3. 9 ran.
The SELLING STAKES.—Mr. Jardine's Leona (Kellet), 1; Hazelnut, 2; Schmutterling, 3. 7 ran.
The HUNTERS' YEOMANRY AND VOLUNTEER PLATE.—Mr. J. Johnstone's Levern (Mr. H. Marsh), 1; Dunce mare, 2; Sir Arthur, 3. 3 ran.
EGLINGTON HUNT CUP.—Epicure, 1; Sportsman, 2; Falmouth, 3. 4 ran.

MANCHESTER RACES.

THURSDAY.

The LANCASHIRE PLATE.—Mr. R. Osborne's Experiment (J. Osborne), 1; Bobbin Around, 2. 2 ran.
The ROUSE PLATE.—Lord Wilton's Mayoress colt (J. Osbourne), 1; Argentine, 2; Mal Pichu, 3. 3 ran.
The PALATINE WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Lord Hartington's Merrythought (H. Jeffery), 1; Star and Garter, 2; Diplomacy II, 3. 4 ran.
The IRWELL SELLING STAKES.—Mr. James Potter's Larissa (H. Jeffery), 1; Bishop Burton, 2; Ariel, 3. 6 ran.
The GERARD NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. W. Bragg's Victor Emanuel (W. Platt), 1; Death or Glory, 2; Prince II, 3. 9 ran.
HEATON PARK CUP.—Adventure, 1; Belphebe, 2; Rowan, 3. 8 ran.
MATCH.—Mr. Lapidus's Golden Beam (J. Jarvis), 1; Prospero, 2.

FAMOUS PLAYERS OF THE PAST.

JOHN PRITT HARLEY (concluded).

WHEN John P. Harley courted the handsome and mirthful daughter of Mrs. Inchbald, she merrily told him that he had no more occasion for a wife than a duck had for an umbrella. Whereat the slim young comedian looked so miserable and heaved so heavy a sigh, that the lady burst into a fit of laughter, the contagious influence of which even the woful wooer could not resist, so he laughed too. After that he felt better, reconsidered the matter, and came to the conclusion that the lady was right. But at York he fell in love again, perhaps because his prospects were improving, for his salary was then twenty-five shillings a week, out of which he found his own wigs and "properties." He offered his hand to a widow named Woodhouse. But once more he was doomed to disappointment. In vain he sang in low, soft tones of sweet beguilement:—

"Widow will you marry me?"

And sighed the old song's

"Oh, oh, oh!"

to the gay young relict, who only laughed in reply,

"I will never marry thee,
No, John, no!"

And the reason was plain, when a week after she was carried to the altar by a fatter and a taller and a richer suitor.

Harley remained on the York boards until the management passed out of the hands of Mr. J. Wilkinson into those of Mr. Mansell, when he returned to his old manager of the Worthing and Brighton theatres. While he was at Brighton, where he had many friends, he was introduced to Michael Kelly, of operatic fame, who, hearing him sing a pathetic ballad in private, and afterwards seeing him upon the stage, on returning to London so strongly recommended him to Mr. Arnold as a second singer, that Harley promptly received the offer of an engagement for the English Opera House, where, in 1815, on July 15th, he made his appearance as Marcelli, in *The Devil's Bridge*, and Peter Fidget in *The Boarding House*.

He had not been singing in London many weeks before he received a very liberal offer from the management of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, where he appeared on Saturday, September 16th, of the same year, playing Lissardo in *The Wonder*. His success was immediate and immense.

Harley's fortunes were from this time forth outside the dreary round of struggling and privation in which he had fairly and manfully won his spurs. He was, at last, a successful man, rapidly increasing his popularity and his income. His mother and sisters shared his prosperity, and they in return made him a happy, comfortable home, of which he was so enamoured that it was no easy task to tempt him into the enjoyment of either tavern or fashionable society. At home it was his delight to receive and hospitably entertain as many friends as he could induce to visit him, but he had no taste for the lionising process which to so many successful actors appears to be the utmost height of their ambition. When by chance he did appear at the tables of the great he invariably disappointed them, and when urged to give a taste of his quality in comic song or recitation, it was his wont to observe that he always left his cap and bells at Drury Lane Theatre, never caring to assume them in private. At one of the great civic feasts he made another excuse, which was that of not being a fie man, in consequence of which he could, of course, have no voice in the City.

But at the call of charity none was more ready to respond in cash or otherwise than John Pritt Harley. He was very prudent without illiberality, and grew rich enough to contribute liberally both to Garrick's "Drury Lane Theatrical Fund for Decayed Actors," of which he was for some years chairman, and to relieve with immediate aid any private case of trouble or impoverishment amongst his professional brethren.

Harley retired from the stage at a good old age, and with ample means for the enjoyment of the life of rustic ease and retirement which he at one time contemplated. But all his friends were in London, and travelling was troublesome, and so in London he determined to remain.

Thus Harley retained his old domicile in Gower-street, Bedford-square, dropping in now and then at his club, the Garrick, and ended his days at home, dying full of years, honoured and respected by all who knew him, and claiming for his friends most of the more prominent champions of art, literature, and the drama, on August 22nd, 1858.

A. H. W.

REVIEW OF NEW MUSIC.

CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond-street.—"My heart has its love," price 4s.; vocal waltz, by Louis Engel. The Italian words, "Lontan di te," suit the music admirably, but are less interesting than the English words, which are a version of a well-known poem by Heine. This waltz was composed expressly for Miss Emma Thursby, who first sang it at one of Mr. Mapleson's opera concerts at the Albert Hall last season, where it was rapturously encored. It has since been sung with great success by Miss Thursby, and is likely to become very popular amongst professional and amateur sopranos who have acquired a fair amount of vocal flexibility. It is full of varied melody, and is a gratifying specimen of Mr. Engel's well known ability as a composer.—"His promise cannot fail," price 4s., sacred song; words and music by J. Clippingdale. The words are smoothly written, and breathe devotional feeling. The melody is flowing and sympathetic, the accompaniment well arranged, and the song will be found a welcome addition to the repertory of family Sabbath music.—"Unfurl the sail," by the same composer, price

4s., is a melodious setting of acceptable words by C. S. May. The time is 6-8, the key B flat, the compass moderate, and the song will be equally available to tenors and barytones. Mr. Clippingdale has the gift of melody, and his songs are always singable.

DUFF & STEWART, 2, Hanover-street, W.—"The Glove," price 3s. Trio for soprano, contralto, and bass, composed by G. A. Macfarren. This trio is a welcome addition to the repertory of vocal chamber music. The words narrate the story of the lady who dropped her glove into the arena where lions and tigers were crouching, and mutely called on her lover, the Comte de Lorge, to fetch her glove, which he boldly recovered, and then threw it in the face of his vain and heartless mistress. The theme has been well treated, the soprano and bass solos are characteristic and effective, and the *tutti* passages are harmonised with Mr. Macfarren's well-known skill. The trio is not difficult, yet affords opportunities to skilful vocalists, and deserves to become popular.

PATEY & WILLIS, 39, Great Marlborough-street, W.—"My Ship," price 4s.; words by E. Oxenford, music by J. Clippingdale. The words, which express a maiden's faith in her far-off lover, are well written. The melody is fresh, piquant, and effective, and has that "swing" about it which is essential to the popularity of vocal music.—"The Offering," price 4s.; words by J. Wright, music by J. Clippingdale. The verses are unpretending, but acceptable, and are fitted to a simple melody in the key of D. The song is equally suitable to male or female singers.

CRAMER & Co., 201, Regent-street, W.—"The Artless Thing," price 4s.; "The Pedlar's Song," 4s.; "An Old Woman's Dream," 4s.; and other popular songs from *Madame Favart* are published by Messrs. Cramer. The three songs above-named are amongst the best things in the opera.

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent-street, W.—"The Last Kiss," price 4s.; words by A. Lemon, music by P. Bridgeford. The verses are very poor, and such rhymes as "with her" and "win her" cannot be excused. The melody is simple and agreeable.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, & Co., 84, New Bond-street.—"The Girl to her Bird," 4s.; words by Hamilton Aidé, music by A. G. Thomas. This is a charming song, in which unaffectedly pretty words are set to a tuneful, rippling melody, with an admirably written accompaniment.—"Chanson de Mai," 4s., by the same composer, is a characteristic and melodious setting of pleasant verses by Gustave Nadand.—"Chanson d'Avril," 3s., by the same composer, is an agreeable setting of commonplace verses by Rémy Belleau. The English version, by W. Hardinge, is even less acceptable than the original French.—"Fie, Shepherd, fie!" 4s., an "ancient ditty" composed by Ridley Prentice, is quaint and tuneful.—"Love floweth on for ever," 4s., by the same composer, is a melodious and sympathetic setting of some graceful lines by G. S. King.

HOPWOOD & CREW, 42, New Bond-street.—"Memories," 4s.; words by F. Locker, music by C. E. Jerningham. Mr. Locker's verses breathe unaffected pathos, and Mr. Jerningham has attached to them a simple and expressive melody.

On Wednesday, at Aldridges, a large stud of horses were disposed of by auction, and those animals of high class for harness purposes realised good prices.

THE SWISS historical painter, Ludwig Vogel, died on the 21st ult. at Zurich.

Of the many inland watering-places of England, few can claim the advantages of Malvern. Romantically situated on the sunny slopes of the Malvern hills it commands most extensive views, whilst from its central position delightful excursions can easily be made to innumerable historical places of note. No place of the kind in England possesses such claims to the notice of those who are in search of health or recreation. The death-rate is among the very lowest on the register. The climate is delightful, the mountain air sweet and invigorating, and the water from the crystal springs is the type of purity. Sir Henry Thompson has drawn particular attention to the purity of the Malvern water in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for July.—*Court Circular*.

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES.—LAMPOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints, and inflammation. Use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism. Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 113, Holborn-hill, London.—[Advt.]

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TWO SILVER MEDALS, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1879.

TESTIMONIALS.

Traversham Mills, near Norwich, Feb. 22nd, 1878.

Messrs. Hayward Tyler & Co.
The A.H.P. Engine is working well, making 120 revolutions per minute, the pump 30 strokes, and quite MASTER of its work.

(Signed), DELANE, MAGNAY, & CO.
Cranston's Nurseries, King's Acre, Near Hereford, July 25th, 1878.

Messrs. Hayward Tyler & Co.
Gentlemen,—We have much pleasure in being able to state that the RIDER HOT-AIR ENGINE has given great satisfaction, and has done all we expected of it. Our fear at first was that it would soon lose air by the packing getting worn, but this has not been the case, as we have worked it now for twelve months without its having cost us a penny for repairs. Any of our men can work it, and the consumption of fuel is as small as you state. We should be very sorry to be without it now in the nurseries.

Yours truly, CRANSTON & Co.

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4, Broad Sanctuary, London, S.W., August 30th, 1877.

Gentlemen,—The reports I have received respecting the efficiency of the HOT-AIR ENGINE, lately furnished by you, for the better regulation of the water supply at the Right Hon. the Countess Waldegrave's residence at Dudbrook, Essex, enable me to pronounce the working of it as, in every respect, highly satisfactory.

I am, Gentlemen, Yours, &c., &c., (Signed), FRANK BOLTON.

Well, Surrey, June 13th, 1877.

Messrs. Hayward Tyler & Co.

Gentlemen,—The RIDER HOT-AIR ENGINE you supplied some months since is working very satisfactorily. The cost of fuel is very trifling. The only attention it has had has been that of the gardener's boy, 16 years of age. I consider it the most economical pumping power I have ever seen. I should be pleased to show it to anyone you may send to see it.

Yours truly, (Signed), WM. KILLICK.

"What say you to a piece of Beef and Mustard?"—
"Taming of the Shrew," Act iv., Scene 3.

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OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

In a quiet corner of the county of Kent, past the hop fields, and near the booming of the sea, is the quaint settlement of Broadstairs, with its old-fashioned and silent streets, its black and worm-eaten pier—if you want a description of it overhaul your Charles Dickens, for he has over and over again used it as a back cloth to his dramatic scenes. Here he loved to live in the big house over there with the green lattice shutters; it indeed is "Bleak House." Many of the people in the little town seem to be more creations of the great novelist's grotesque fancy than ordinary human beings; there are some old sailors that seem to have grown out of a volume of his, rather than out of the ordinary cot of human budding. Turning away from the sea, you walk along to St. Peter's, the tree-embowered hamlet, known to its frequenters as "The Daisy Dell."

"Down in a daisy dell" in one of the most charming corners of the Isle of Thanet, Mr. Edmund F. Davis threw open his grounds to the Kentish men and the Men of Kent, with their various belongings, in the shape of wives and children, sisters and sweethearts, one day last week. The occasion was that of a grand competition for prizes amongst the local fire brigades,



"I am a Man of Kent."

augmented by sturdy representatives of more distant parts, such as Faversham, Dover, and Deal. It is not, I think, generally known how very great the difference really is between being a Kentish man and a Man of Kent. I found it out one fine night when sitting in the coffee-room of a quiet little hotel in a certain part of the fair county. The head waiter, a thin, wizened little man, was garrulous, and I encouraged him. He talked rapidly, mysteriously, and excitedly about the county, the county people, and seemed altogether very enthusiastic and jealous about what evidently was to him the very heart and centre of the universe. At last I said to him, when he paused a moment, "I presume, then, that you are a Kentish man?" He drew himself up to his fullest height, and stood on the tips of his little bunions; thus posed, he glared at me with eloquent indignation. Presently he drew a long breath, and dropped to his ordinary stature (perhaps the bunions were beginning to give way), and breaking into a smile of infinite pity, he said, "Beg pardon, sir, but you can scarcely know the difference between a *Kentish man* and a *MAN OF KENT*, or you wouldn't say that I am a *Kentish man*." I bit the dust immediately, and prayed of him to explain. He did so in a rambling, rapid manner, with a good deal of allusion to the south and north banks of the Mersey and William the Conqueror, and about fearsome fights and gallant defences; and how the Kentish men, instead of fighting gallantly, ran away; and how the Men of Kent stood to their posts and fought like the best quality of Kilkenny cats. I fancy the fire brigades who disported themselves at St. Peter's a week ago must have been, without an exception, Men of Kent to the backbone. From the time they entered the ornamental grounds, dressed in various costumes, of a more or less classic character (especially about the helmet), led by their noble commanders, mounted on prancing cab chargers, until they attacked the only practical objects that presented themselves



The use of the "Suction Hose":
Quenching a Kentish Fire.

for defeat, viz., substantial meats and drink, they conducted themselves with an amount of enthusiastic valour that I think would have satisfied my little friend the waiter who instructed me upon the qualities and shortcomings of the tribes that occupy the country north and south of the Mersey. The whole affair, as far as the marching past and working of fire engines without



"A Race in Boots"

water, flavoured strongly of the Battle of Waterloo as presented at Astley's, or the fighting scene of a Drury Lane tragedy. The chief objects of interest to the assembled multitude of youth and beauty, who had been generously admitted to wander at will through the beautiful gardens, were the stalwart firemen, who contested in foot-races accoutred in helmets, top-boots, ladders, village pumps, brown holland night dresses, and other furniture, inseparable from your thoroughbred fireman; and the mayors of the surrounding townships, who, notwithstanding the very early hour of the day, had turned out in evening dress, and in some distinguished cases in heavy chains of office. The fair maids of Kent paid their chief tribute of admiration to Captain Davis, of the Margate Fire Brigade, who, in a bright silver helmet and epaulettes, shone out amongst his companions in arms like a new sixpenny piece in a heap of brass farthings. After the outdoor performances (which finished with exhibitions of throwing water to considerable heights by use of the various engines) a banquet was spread for the more distinguished of the guests in the lordly dining hall of what Mr. Edmund Davis is pleased to call a "cottage," to which it has about as much resemblance as an elephant might bear to a mouse. Numbers of the clergymen of the various parishes mingled gaily with sweet maidens and stately dames. Mayor and aldermen, and other great dignitaries from neighbouring villages, mixed "quite haffable like" with the less ordinary worms by whom human nature is represented. Much speechmaking



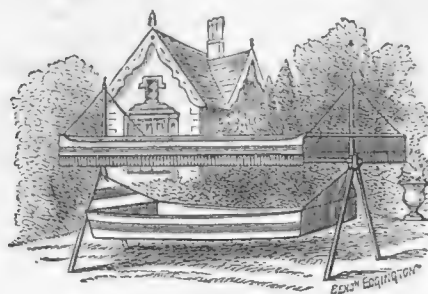
Mr Edmund F. Davis going into
Parliament.

followed the disposal of the dinner. Everybody was delighted with everybody else, more especially with the fire brigades, most body else, more especially with the fire brigades, most especially with Mr. Edmund F. Davis, their future representative in Imperial Parliament; for Mr. Davis is most determinedly "going" for the county which he has so much transformed and improved with his very advanced views of raising up magic pleasure-gardens, cutting bald rocks into stately marinas and esplanades, and making grateful retreats for the weary and the heavy-laden when they seek repose and recuperation. Parliament is a famous place for "spouting," but Mr. Davis is the first man I ever heard of who seemed likely to be pumped into Parliament with the hose of a fire-engine. But it would seem that his constant consideration of the surrounding institutions has made him so popular that he will undoubtedly be the representative of not only the Kentish men, but the Men of Kent, at St. Stephen's.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL, of London, who have recently commenced business in Rugby, held their first sale on Tuesday, when about 100 hunters and 30 Irish horses were disposed of. There was a large and influential number of gentlemen present, and trade was brisk, some of the best animals realising long prices.

This New Patent combines Strength with Simplicity of Construction.—The Trestles when open are quite rigid, and are connected by a double cross bar, jointed in the centre.

The fittings are of brass, and exceedingly simple.



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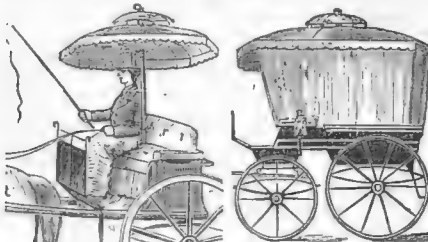
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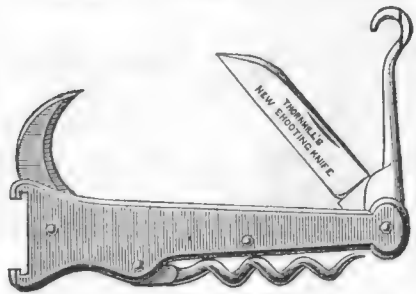
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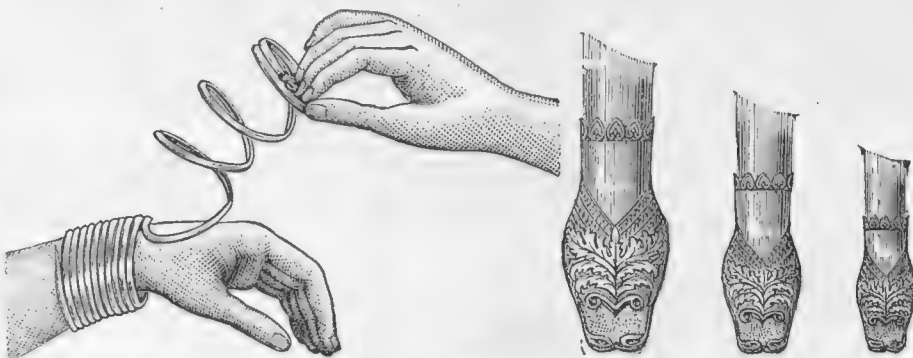
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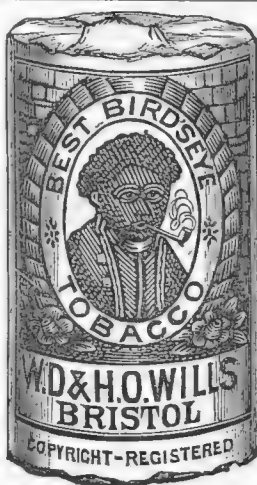
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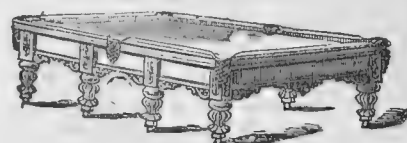
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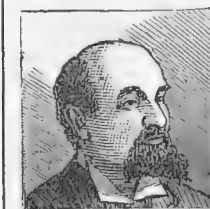
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HARVESTING SCENES.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is particularly requested that all Letters intended for the Editorial Department of this Paper be addressed to the Editor, and not to any individual who may be known in connection with it; and must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

All business communications to be addressed to the MANAGER.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

MANAGER.—The quotation, "There is no human invention so aptly calculated for the forming a free-born people as that of the theatre," is from the *Teller*, No. 167.

R. BEST.—*Mazepa* was first played at the Coburg Theatre on November 2nd, 1833, so that it is now in 1879 very near the boards on which it was first made popular.

S. S.—*The Rivals*, when first produced at Covent Garden Theatre, was a failure.

HARRY SOCK.—"The celebrated jester" mentioned in Sir Walter Scott's "Abbot" was Howleglas, an old jester, who flourished in the fifteenth century. He appears to have been a native of Saxony; he died in 1450. His adventures, published in this country, was a widely popular book, and led to his introduction upon the stage, on which he reigned in no mean glory up to the year 1646.

A. W. C.—The authority for the anecdote and the statement that Goldsmith founded *She Stoops to Conquer* upon it, was the poet's niece, Mrs. Catherine Hudson, daughter of the Rev. H. Goldsmith of Lissay. The mansion of Sir Ralph Fetherston of Ardagh, Co. Longford, was the real scene of the ludicrous mistake.

R. RYAN.—*The Nigamansir* was written by John Skelton in 1504.

S. Y.—The lines were written on Stephen Kemble; hence the blunder. They run:—

"When Stephen walks the streets, the paviors cry,
"God bless you, sir," and lay their rammers by."

V.—*Robin Hood* was acted in 1598, and a second part of it in the year following. The first part was written by Anthony Mundy only, the second part by Anthony Mundy and Henry Chettle. It was not printed. A play called *Robin Hood and his Crew of Soldiers* was played at Nottingham in 1601, "on the day of his sacred Majesty's coronation."

SPORTING.

GEORGE.—"Self-Defence; or, The Art of Boxing," by Ned Donnelly Professor of Boxing to the London Athletic Club, London, Weldon and Co.

FIVES.—It was not until the commencement of the present century that boxing assumed so prominent a position in this country. It then became quite "the rage" with people of all classes, from royalty downwards. Mendoza soon after opened the old Lyceum Theatre in the Strand as a school for sparring, and was there patronised by the nobility and gentry in a spirit of the greatest liberality. Sparring bouts took their place on the stage, and even on the boards of Covent Garden two well known prize-fighters—Ward and Watson—used to exhibit, before a fashionable audience, their skill and courage. The Prince of Wales—afterwards George IV.—was at the head of its noble patrons, and there is a story told of his being at Brighton, looking from a window of the Pavilion, when he saw Lord Barrymore at fisticuffs with a London tradesman, whom he had grossly insulted and ill-used. His lordship getting the worst of it, called to one of the professional boxers, who were always in his company, to help him, on which the Prince cried out, "Damn it, Barrymore! Fight like a man! Behave like an Englishman! Two-to-one, shameful! Show fair play! fair play!" On hearing which the boxer—a tinman, named Hooper;—hurried away, and Lord Barrymore was glad to get away without more punishment than his opponent—a perfumer, named Donadieu—had already given him.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J.—"What's the Odds; or The Dumb Jockey of Jeddington," a genuine sporting novel by Major Jawley Sharp (F. C. Burnand). London: Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.

L. H.—The marriages of the Princess Charlotte and the Duke of Kent were not the first matrimonial alliances formed between the royal houses of Saxony and Brunswick.

ALFRED ARTHUR SHUTE.—There was a great fop and favourite courtier, named Mr. Richard Shute, in the time of Charles I., famous for his skill in bowling, a game in which he had no rival. The king gave him the name of Satin Shute, in consequence of his wearing a satin doublet "cut upon white taffety," and to distinguish him from another branch of his family bearing the same name. His London residence was in Leadenhall-street, and his family seat, an old castellated mansion, at Barking, in Essex, where he had a famous bowling-green often visited by the king.

CRR.—It was not that lord, but another illustrious favourite of fortune, Lord Mayor Curtis, who on the occasion of a civic feast gave as one of the toasts "A Speedy Peace and Soon." He was credited with giving several other toasts equally curious; for instance, "The British Tars of Old England," "The Three R's" (which he explained as reading, riting, and 'rithmetic), "The Three C's" (Cox, the King, and Curtis), "The Female Ladies." At a dinner attended by two royal brothers, in compliment to them "The Adelphi" was given as a toast, and received, of course, rapturously. Therefore the worthy Baronet and Lord Mayor followed suit with another trump card, saying: "Well, gentlemen, as you are toasting public buildings, I'll give you another toast, 'The Mansion House.'" Someone proposed for his epitaph the following lines:—

"Here lies the great Curtis
Of London Lord Mayor;
He's left this here world
And gone to that there."

PEMBROKE.—Five hundred and fourteen representatives were sent into Parliament by England before the union with Scotland.

L. V.—An Act of Parliament was passed in 1696 prohibiting the use of silver plate in public-houses, except spoons.

SAMUEL G.—Upper Saxony was ceded to Prussia in 1815.

T. S.—The practice of changing the name was forbidden in France by Henry II. in 1553, except by letters patent. This fact alone would disprove the statement; or, at least, give it a very doubtful complexion.

CORSICAN.—Richard II. was the first.

S. M. S.—If we did not reply, it was because we were not in possession of the information required.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1879.

A ST. LEGER RETROSPECT.

If we accept as true the dictum of the poet philosopher that "Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours," we may well apply his precept to the lighter as well as to the more serious events of daily life, in the hope of gaining thereby profitable experience for the future. Reams of paper and oceans of ink are annually consumed—we had almost written wasted—in anticipations and forecasts of coming events, but the lessons taught by their decision are too often not taken to heart, and all recollections of these are speedily effaced by the rapid advance towards maturity of other features of the racing season. As regards the contest recently decided upon Doncaster Town Moor, public interest in it may be said to have been enhanced rather than lessened by the enforced withdrawal of Wheel of Fortune, whose position, however, had been heavily assailed for some time previous to her actual downfall. Lord Falmouth, a veritable "blameless King Arthur" among racing men, was of course entitled to the condolences of his many friends and followers; but at the same time it was felt that no supporter of the turf could better afford to endure the buffets of fortune than the owner of Silvio and Jannette, seeing that his lordship may be said almost to have "farmed" the classic races for the last few years. For the bonny little mare herself there will be found many to grieve, and these not alone the legion who had backed her, but also that far more numerous body which takes a passing interest in everything excellent of its kind, uninfluenced by speculative considerations. It is well for us that we find this hero worship still existing among us, proving as it does the existence of something noble and exalting in a much-abused sport, and showing that in the breasts of some at least healthy interest can be excited and maintained apart from all connection with or participation in "market movements," or the intrigues of racing diplomacy.

Having regard to the issue of the three great three-year-old events open to both sexes in 1879, it must be confessed that such striking contradictions and reversals of public form fairly stagger the turf analyst, the result of whose lucubrations must infallibly be the conviction that the colts were a most moderate lot, as, indeed, was demonstrated by their two-year-old performances in the preceding season. Peter and Lancastrian must, of course, be wiped off the slate in making these calculations, and then we are left with a terribly "mixed" lot, not far removed from the dead level of mediocrity. This being the case, it was only natural that the Newmarket form should be scattered to the winds at Epsom, the Derby performances at which place have since been so sadly discounted at Doncaster. At all these places the going was sticky or heavy, so that too much stress must not be laid upon the varying conditions under which the crack three-year-olds met to decide their differences in 1879. It is passing strange that whereas much the same fields contested the great events open to both sexes, in each of them the "placed" animals, with the exception of Rayon d'Or, were different, although most of those thus distinguished met upon all three occasions. It is remarkable also that not one of those horses recognised by Judge Clark at Epsom again caught his eye at Doncaster, though Sir Bevy's, Palmbearer, and Visconti again threw down the gauntlet for the great prize of the North. A confirmed roarer was heralded winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, a reported piper canterers in for the Blue Riband, and a fearfully and wonderfully shaped beast spread-eagled his field for the St. Leger—a sure proof of the moderate character of our three-year-old colts, even though the reproach of such a barren year is partly redeemed by the claim of Wheel of Fortune to rank among the best of her age and sex. When such a hopeless jumble of form presents itself, we may be pretty sure that success in each case is due more to condition and training than to the abstract merits of each horse engaged, and as each blossoms at different periods, like flowers in the garden, it comes to pass that the palm of victory falls to the one "best on the day," and we are consequently left in doubt as to which is the best of the year. The most casual observer of the St. Leger candidates as they strode round and round the enclosure previous to stripping for the fray could hardly be cajoled into pronouncing any one of their number a *beau idéal* of the thoroughbred, or worthy to rank among his many distinguished predecessors in turf honours at Doncaster. It is no exaggeration to state that at least one half of those which filled before the eyes of "excited Yorkshire" on the red-letter day in a Tyke's calendar were totally unworthy to rank as even middle class candidates; a further proof, if any were needed, of the utter rottenness of the field, was doubtless the consideration which prompted the owners of so many forlorn hopes to make their champions ready for battle. Ruperra was the only one with the slightest pretensions to engage public attention in the matter of make, shape, and style, and even Mr. Houldsworth's colt has not continued in his well-doing since the days of his youth, and in point of vigour and muscular development left much to be desired. When a horse like the moderate Exeter finds commendation for looks among the crowds which pass judgment on each competitor as he files past, it may be taken for granted that a higher example is wanting; for, as the "Druid" was wont to say, we want "something to swear by" as the bright particular star of the year, a horse standing out in bold relief from his fellows, filling the eye at once, and to be remembered in after time as a type of the perfection of style and symmetry. Without being so ungenerous as to deny the pretensions of Rayon d'Or to the possession of such attributes, it is certain that the comments passed upon

the Frenchman as he blundered round and round the paddock were the reverse of complimentary; but keen observers could not fail to note in his frame, as the results of a judicious course of training, the glow of health, and a combination of size and power, only failing to please because Nature had not mixed the elements kindly enough to charm the eyes of those always in search for something in the aspect of great winners by means of which the impression first made remains indelibly fixed in the recollection. Something remarkable they might, indeed, behold, but certainly not a "thing of beauty," and we question whether, since Sir Tatton Sykes's day, so plain a St. Leger winner has been led back to scale. We certainly never saw one so coldly received, but we merely place this upon record without comment, though not without the expression of an earnest hope that the success of a favourite from Count Lagrange's stable may hereafter be not so rare a spectacle as heretofore. For the extreme confidence of the followers of Sir Bevy's there is nothing to account, but we have never hugged the delusion to our hearts of trusting in the Derby form of 1879, which was far too surprising to be true, and totally at variance with public form, as well as the expectations of those in whose charge he completed his Derby preparation. For these and other reasons adduced, we cannot but deem the winning three-year-old colts of 1879 a sorry lot; and this on the score of looks no less than on that of previous performances. We do not believe in the cuckoo cries raised year after year concerning the deterioration of our thoroughbreds, but it cannot be denied that "bad years" are of occasional occurrence, as in other departments than that of racing. "Of such" may possibly be this present year of grace, and we shall look forward with no little interest and curiosity to the time when all doubts upon this point may reasonably be expected to be set at rest by the meeting of cracks of all ages and nations in the great Cup contests of 1880.

"JACK" IN A SHOOTING BOX.

I'll promise no song of Greek piping and fluting,
And crucified Love bare bound with his hair;
But I'll send you a kiss, with a line upon shooting,
And a rose for your dress from our "box" in Kildare.
Marquis of Carrabas.

I HAVE definitely arrived at the conclusion that I must be one of the happiest and most contented of creatures. Everywhere I go I find sportsmen lamenting in rolling sentences the depressing state of the shooting season. First, it was "the grouse will be all 'cheepers'!" then, "the grouse are all 'cheepers'!" then, "the partridge will be all 'squeakers'!" then, "the partridge are all 'squeakers'!" and, finally, a list of lamentations commencing "just my luck!" and ending as indefinitely as the jointure in a wedding ring. Unlike Mr. Toole, "still I am happy!"

Supposing the shooting is not quite so good as it was last year, nobody, save the young gentlemen who go shooting, plumed in velvet coats, silk stockings, and patent leather boots, ever thought it would be; and for my part I am enough of a philosopher to see that there is something left worth living out this "damnation grind" which we call life. I am as fond of a day's sport as I am of a fortnight's, when I can get either the one or the other; but, while I can generally hold my own on a moor, or in a stubble field, I am not one of those keen as mustard sportsmen who glory in the cultivated slaughter of tame pheasants, or blue rocks whose eyes have been put out with needles, or whose wings have been either clipped or broken, at Hurlingham and Dieppe.

I carry the *l'art pour l'art* principle into shooting as into æsthetics, and I do not care a "Continental d——" to have a big bag at the end of the day, to be on the winning side in cricket, or to have "killed" in the hunting field, provided I have enjoyed myself in a true sportsmanlike manner on which ever occasion happens to be in question, and I infinitely prefer to play a losing to a "walk-over" game at lawn-tennis.

You will perceive that I am easily pleased, and it was after expounding these sentiments to "my friend Jack" that I received his invitation to accompany him to his shooting-lodge in the county of Kildare and take pot luck of the provisions, and what shooting was to be had. The next day found us at King's Bridge station (accompanied by Don and Ponto, two brown pointers, and Blush, a real red Irish setter, whom we handed over to the custody of the guard), and were soon rattling along towards the nearest railway point to our destination, which shall be a dead secret, as there is some method in the selfishness of the old French *chanson*:

J'ai du bon tabac,
Dans mon tabatière—a,
J'ai du fin et du rap—a,
J'ai du bon tabac,
Mais tu n'en auras pas.

After a drive of some ten miles on "an outside kayre," which we found awaiting us, we arrived at headquarters thoroughly stiff and tired.

After a wash, dinner was announced by our ancient retainer; and what an odd dinner it was, too! A plain roast leg of mutton, some boiled potatoes, good sherry, champagne, chartreuse, port, and claret, and the best possible "weeds" that Madden's could supply, served and waited on by an old woman in the primitive and picturesque costume of a red petticoat, white cap, and bare feet and arms. What a series of contrasts! As we were both tired after our long journey, we retired early. I cannot tell you the medical reason why on the first night of sleeping in a strange bed, I invariably awake between four and five o'clock, and all my efforts to re-enter the Rosomond rose-bower of dreams are futile; but so it is.

All nature, save my friend Jack—and there is little of

The ethereal mould,

Incapable of stain,

about Jack—was awake, and wearing "one universal grin." The sparrows were holding council in the thatched roof of our whitewashed cottage as if the place belonged to them; the blackbird, in the hawthorn, was delving in a mine of music; and the sun was just shimmering through the thin, transparent sky that foreshadows morn. A couple of brown hares were capering and feeding on the lawn outside, and, had it not been in consideration of Jack's dreams of

The fair, the chaste, the inexpressive she,

I would have disturbed their wool with a pea-bullet fired through the half-open window of my room. As it was, after a splash in my tub, I donned a suit of knickerbockers, long stockings, and a pair of shooting-boots, and pulling a blouse over my head (for rabbits see white better than a neutral tint), I took my gun and a few cartridges, and "went for" the rabbits.

To a carpet knight of the trigger, rabbit stalking may appear no difficult matter, and to this young gentleman as he stands on his Belgravian hearthrug, clothed in well-fitting *habit noir*,

white choker, clocked black silk stockings, and patent leather pumps, I will address my experiences of some years, which may be of use to him.

While there is nothing to my mind more despicable than the practice of lying in wait over a burrow for the unsuspecting bunny to advance to his five o'clock repast, and, when some twenty yards from home, to blow a volley of lead into him, there is nothing more difficult or more amusing than rabbit-shooting with ferrets, provided the rabbits are wise enough to bolt well, or as you kick the grazers out of the ferns or yellow gorse as you walk along. The rabbit is quite as timid as the hare, and not half such a fool; for whereas a shrill whistle will cause the flying hare to foolishly stop in his flight and sit up to listen, the rabbit at the slightest crackle of a dead twig, or the cry of the frightened blackbird is on the *qui vive*, and with a little patter of hind feet, is off home in a race that nothing but absolute death will stop, for if you leave a spark of life in him, and his front legs are left unbroken, he will struggle to earth to die just out of your reach. The best way to advance on feeding rabbits, in the open, is from the rear, as they seldom look back on the cover they have left, but advance with great caution while they browse, or raise themselves in a listening attitude at the approach of danger, and if they be only crippled you have but half the distance to run to secure your victims. Rook-rifles are no doubt of great service where the quarry is large and open, but unless you possess a very steady hand and a good eye it is seldom you will kill at eighty or ninety yards, as the young gentleman in glossy coat and rich brown poll may accidentally move a step forward and thus escape your well-aimed bullet. If a large bag is your desire, there is nothing like a twenty choke-bore gun which will kill at sixty yards and upwards, and I would advise every sportsman to have one at least of his barrels choked.

Revenons à nos lapins!

I did not know precisely where to bend my steps, but I wandered on at the wind's will, till I came to a little wood, which fringes a lake, where I slew a couple of brace of young brown bunnies after the manner prescribed. As I was wending my way home to breakfast I came across a large spring in a rather swampy field (which should be good for frozen out snipe in winter) from which rose, from its fishing, at my approach, a great big grey crane, which flapped lazily above my head. I regret it now more than I did then, but I could not resist the temptation, so fired a charge of No. 6 into the poor thing's carcase, which brought it floundering to the ground, and no easy job had I to secure it then, for it bit at me with a will worthy of a more successful cause. I brought my victims home to Jack, who was as mad as Hades at what he called my "reckless and useless cruelty." It seems that the crane is looked upon with almost a superstitious reverence in Ireland, and that they are never disturbed or shot. Anyway, Jack has had it skinned, and purposes having the wings made into a pair of fans.

After breakfast and a smoke we betook ourselves to the happy hunting-grounds, on which neither "the little brown birds" nor the family of Tetraonidae are this year to be found in large numbers. We have shot a few, but they are very small indeed, and shooting this year falls far short of the description given by old John Gay, the poet of partridge, more than a hundred years ago now:—

The fluttering coveys from the stubble rise
And on swift wings divide the sounding skies.
The scattering lead pursues the certain sight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.

A. M. M.

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE—PAST AND PRESENT.

If we were seeking a new kind of character for development in a work of fiction, one with a fund of energy which no difficulties could weaken, and a talent for organisation capable of moulding even the most unyielding and varied materials into a compact homogeneous mass, a man of the most varied practical knowledge, wonderfully quick in perception, prompt in action, and having withal considerable artistic taste, we could place our hand at once upon a suitable model in the person of Mr. C. J. Ribton-Turner, late of the Charity Organisation Society, and now managing director of the Universities Co-operative Association.

Curious to see into what kind of new form the late Queen's Theatre, formerly St. Martin's Hall, and now the Universities Co-operative Association, had been changed, we requested permission, which was most courteously awarded, to go over the newly completed premises. During our tour of inspection we had the pleasure of Mr. Turner's companionship, and must frankly confess that nothing we saw was half so wonderful as he was. We could not descend or ascend a flight of stairs, cross a warehouse, store room, or sale department, without our manager being pursued and seized upon by all kinds of clerks, workmen, managers, &c., &c., each with some urgent request involving a series of considerations, as we thought, of the most complicated and perplexingly varied description, but which a momentary knitting of the brow and a single retrospective glance appeared to render clear and definite enough for immediate answer in the way of hasty signature, or incisive word of command.

The Stores of the Universities Co-operative Society opened on Monday, 1st September, at 10 o'clock a.m. This building, at the corner of Endell-street, Long-acre, was begun in 1847. It was built by Alderman Cubitt, from designs by Westmacott, in the Elizabethan style. It was then styled St. Martin's Hall, and was under the management of Mr. Hullah, who held musical classes and conducted concerts here. Charles Dickens entered upon his career as a public reader at this hall. In 1867 the hall was transformed into a theatre, under the management of Mr. Alfred Wigan. Mrs. Rousby made her London debut here in September, 1869; and Mr. Henry Irving commenced his career in London in the character of Bill Sykes, in the drama of *Oliver Twist* at this house. Mr. Phelps, Mr. J. L. Toole, Miss Henrietta Hodson, and many other actors and actresses of more or less note, have appeared here from time to time, the last performance taking place on the 1st of August last year, when Mr. Sims Reeves played the character of Tom Tug in the *Waterman*. Among the dramas which have seen the light here 'Twixt Axe and Crown, *Joan of Arc*, *Mary*, *Queen of Scots*, and the *Last Days of Pompeii* are the most noteworthy.

The Clergy Co-operative Association, which started in November last year, and subsequently by a vote of the shareholders changed the title to the Universities Co-operative Association, purchased the premises, and early in January sold all the fittings of the theatre and commenced its entire demolition, the bare walls only being left standing. The building has now been transformed into a very handsome store. The entrance hall and the staircases, which are remnants of the old building, form prominent features in the new one. The entrance hall is 50 by 23, and is ornamented in the upper part with busts of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and other celebrities. There are offices in it for the receipt and despatch of parcels, and a fountain, at the back of which will soon be established

counters for the sale of fruits and flowers. Above this is a remarkably fine stone staircase, with double flights of stairs leading from the basement to the top of the building. The ground area of the building comprises an area of 10,000 feet. The cellars contain an ample supply of wines and spirits, with accommodation for storing and packing the various classes of goods. In addition to this there is a large amount of machinery for carrying out the work connected with such an extensive undertaking. An engine of 8 h-power drives a coffee mill which grinds 120lbs. of coffee an hour, a coffee roaster which roasts 56lbs. of coffee at a time, together with a large sugar-cutter of a novel construction, have been expressly designed for the Association, to saw and chop sugar. Then there is a tea-mixer, which mixes 750lbs. at one operation, a fruit cleaner, and other things necessary for carrying out the work. There are several hydraulic lifts communicating from the cellar to the top storey, in addition to numerous hand lifts for inter-communication.

The ground floor, which is 17ft in height, contains the different departments for groceries and provisions, dried fruits, wines and spirits, cigars and tobacco, drugs and perfumery, &c.

At the first half landing is a cloak room and lavatory for ladies, and just above this a special room for refreshments, which will speedily be opened.

On a level with the refreshment room is the first floor, containing departments for hosiery and drapery, furs, millinery, mantles, jewellery, watches, clocks, cutlery, electro plate, books (new and second hand), stationery, printing, music, artists' colours, &c.

On the second floor is a commodious news room, reading room, and library, and on a level with it the departments for glass, china, fancy goods, ormolu articles, brushes, baskets, turnery, matting, portmanteaus and games, ironmongery, furniture, carpets, church furniture, clerical robes, tailoring, hats, boots and shoes, &c.

Above this is a lavatory for gentlemen, and higher up still, on the third floor, are the general offices of the Association. Above this again there is a spacious floor for tailors and other work-people; a house in Long Acre is added to the main building, and contains several departments, and over the main entrance and refreshment rooms are the board room, secretary's, and other offices. Mr. Buckmaster, F.C.S., has lent his valuable aid in superintending the kitchen and food arrangements. Special arrangements for the members at hotels on the Continent have been made, and are being further extended; the directors announce numerous other advantages, including improved railway and travelling arrangements for the benefit of members. There are a numerous and influential body of shareholders and life members, both in England and the Colonies, who are daily increasing.

SOME POACHING RECOLLECTIONS AND POACHING PICTURES.

BY AN OLD HAND.

In the days of my hot youth, and far away by the brown waters of the Nore, the famous river that washes the old marble city of Kilkenny, one of my chiefest *sub rosa* acquaintances—one whose name was never even to be breathed among the ungodly or rigidly righteous—was a famous poacher, who had given trouble for time out of mind to the watchers and keepers of game the whole country-side over, and who was known far and near by the *sobriquet* of Shawn na Kippeen, otherwise John Finlay.

In a late visit to the same classic county I once again fell in with my old time quondam friend, and having for the nonce nothing better to do, was beguiled by him into becoming witness of some of the many wiles by which, "neath the 'glimpses of the moon,' or sheltered by the curtaining clouds, he—to use his own figurative but expressive language—choused the Water Bailiffs, and played Old Harry with the sharpest gamekeepers of which the county could boast.

But as daylight necessarily lapses into night, and as a prime triumph of old Shawn was the trapping or snaring of rabbits, a sport generally attempted by day, perhaps my first illustration should be of the manner in which the sly old fellow went about the transaction, and the—to him—happy results which evermore followed. First, as he would himself say, you stop all the burrows, one alone excepted; you place a sack into the entrance of that unstopped (the sack's mouth being so contrived as to close by running strings), then beating the earth and bushes around, the rabbits rush for the only available place of escape, and, like malefactors, immediately come to grief by the drawing of a string.

Now comes an eventide or night poaching, known to the country folk as flacker poaching, or the poaching of young wild ducks or flappers. In this sport a shallow sort of boat is covered over with long lake weeds, among which, and hidden by them, the poacher lies prone, and with the end of a long spear-like pole silently draws or pushes himself within sure gun-shot range; when, sad to say, in nine cases out of ten there is death among the flappers.

Way for the king of fishes! Now we come to salmon poaching. Selecting a shallow in some well-known, and often thoroughly guarded, part of the river, our poacher sends by some breathless urchin, a short time before proceeding to the happy hunting-ground, a mock message that lures away from his post the unwary keeper; then, when once the coast is clear, a confederate, with a lantern under his coat, or a faggot on a pole, steps into the rushing water, when at the presence of the glare of light the fish turns on its back, and is swiftly hooked ashore by some one of the Shawn na Kippeen tribe armed with a prong and landing-net, and silently and without even a smile of triumph perhaps a genuine forty-pounder is often added to the slain.

"How do I git him away; is id that what yer axin?" said Shawn to me one day, with a grim smile, as I held converse with him over the above tender subject. "Well now, mather, I do id in many ways. Why, now, wanst we had an owld general out here that brought an horse from the wars wid him as owld as himself. Well, an behowl ye, the general, like a rale gentleman, left the owld horse out on the grass, an' through the park beyant, right down to the river's-side, to ait all the tindher clover an' daisies an' rubblege he could muster for the remandher of his days. Well, afther a while the owld general himself died, an' then, begorras, the rumour wint round that his ghost was appearin' night afther night ridin' on the owld horse; an', lather begannys, 'twas myself riz the rumour. Well, I need not tell you how the river was watched by the keepers employed by the new owner, for, you know, seldom comes a bither; when, begob, what did I do one night whin there was a might o' salmon in the strame, but gits me own owld mother and, wrappin' a cloak around her, saits her on the horse and makes her throit up an' down up an' down till the new keepers flew like winkin' blessin' an' crossin' themselves for the bare lives. O mebbly myself didn't laugh next day whin I hard that more prayers wor said than ever was known before in Kilkenny by the freckened divels, an' all about me poor owld mother instid of a ghost, while I had over 60 salmon in me creel, 'pon me-sowl, that's as thrue as I hope to be saved."

At trout poaching, too, Shawn showed himself more than an

adept. Here, again, he was perforce used to have confederates, much, as I often thought, against the grim old fellow's will. The manner of catching the fish was thus: a large open wicker-work, if you care to call it, basket, in the bottom of which were placed river-weeds, was held against the current of a trout stream by two men standing knee-deep in the water, while a third, standing about forty yards further up the current, lashed the water furiously, driving the frightened fish in batches towards the treacherous shelter that awaited them between the poachers below. This is often one of the most plentiful of all the poachers' precarious yields.

Lastly, at morning dawn, when rabbit nets were drawn or fish had not been plentiful, Shawn had a last resource to fall back upon, particularly in the snipe season. He formed a triangular or conical-shaped basket, and setting it out on a low sandy bottom or willow-hid stream edge, with an upright set under one of its sides—a gawlioge, as he termed it—he waited patiently, hid among the flaggers, for the chances to come. A little trap, formed of peeled sallys, lying beneath the gawlioge, formed a treacherous stand-place; and hither the snipe, lured on by a bit of roasted potato, hopped fearlessly on, when, alas! and ah, dear me! he found to his bitter cost, like many a cleverer and more reasoning being, that Shawn na Kippeen was more than a match for him.

M. FITZGERALD.

MR. BOUCICAULT'S NEW DRAMA, "RESCUED."

In anticipation of *Rescued*, which is shortly to be produced at the Adelphi, this notice of the piece from the *New York Herald* may be of interest. The cast at Booth's Theatre included some actors and actresses known to English audiences, among them Mr. John Clayton, who played Weatherby; Mr. George Clarke, some time ago a member of Mr. Burnand's company at the Opera Comique, who was the Ruskov; Mr. Dominic Murray as Jerry Tarbox, Mr. John Brougham as Phoenix O'Reilly, and Miss Rose Coghlan as Lady Sybil Ferrers. The American journal says:—

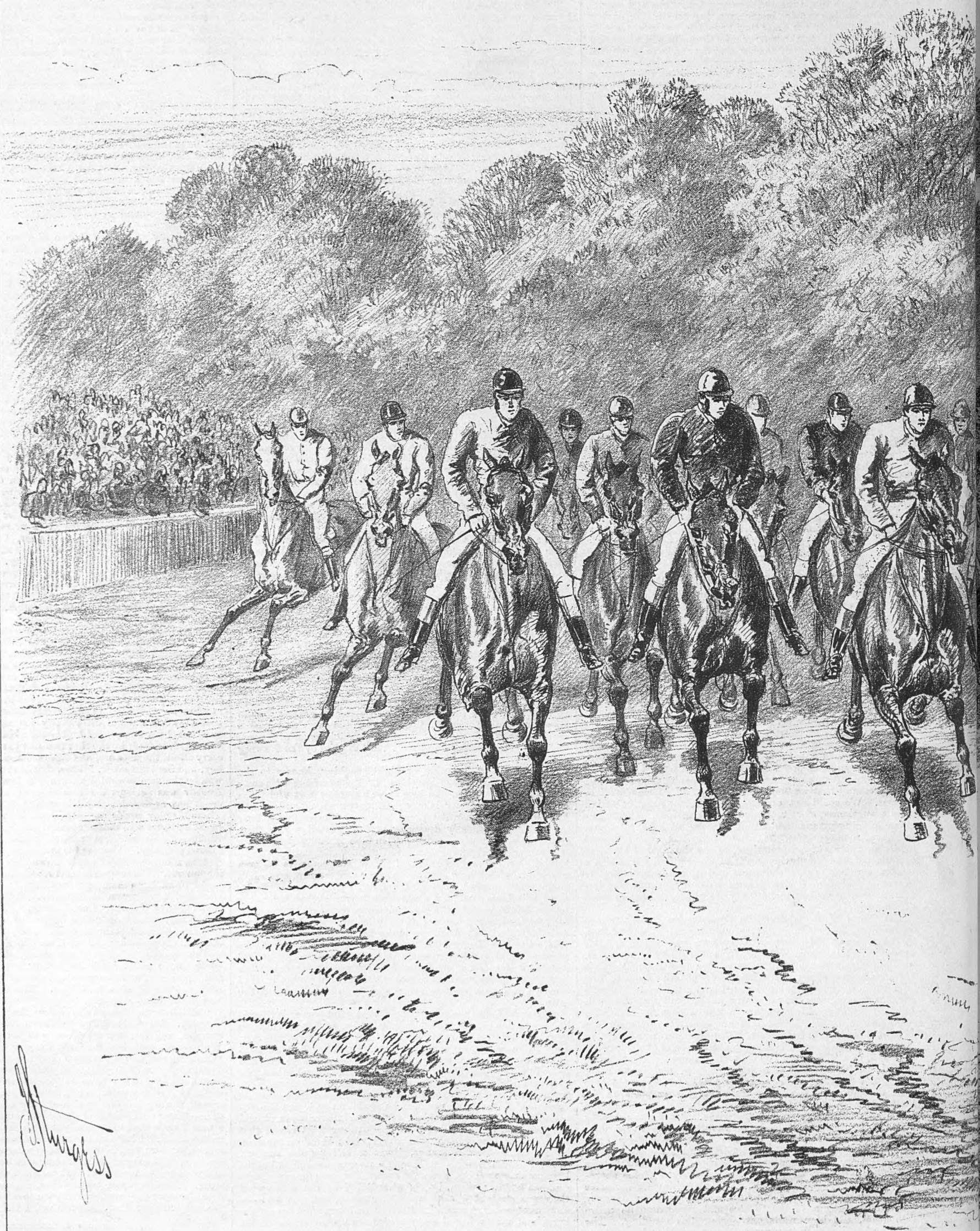
"The story of *Rescued* is one of those whose almost every incident recalls some other play, and whose general current is that of some of the author's old successes, such as his adapted *Streets of New York*. Here we have emotion and incident jogging each other. Intrigue follows intrigue. The action runs off into side issues, interesting perhaps in themselves, but in the end irritating, because you want to reach the end without so much circumlocution. Here is the good old forged will, and here are the brace of forgers. Here is the honest detective; here the shrewd, stern and benevolent lawyer; here is the brawny man who loves, 'and loves, alas! above his station.' Here is the reduced nobleman; here is his heroic daughter. In fact, old friends of the melodrama of the past meet us at every step; old tricks and devices are brought forward and all worked in with a skill which shows what the application of a lifetime, backed by natural aptitude, may achieve in entangling and disentangling. As we have indicated, the story springs from the forging of a will by a scoundrel who, disguised as a Russian count, mixes in the best English society, although he was originally an humble but undetected train robber. The forged will omits to mention some relatives of the decedent, and the discovery of one of these in the person of an expansive and inventive young man in the iron business named John Weatherby upsets all the villain's calculations. He turns to meet the changed circumstances, for under the will he was to get the hand of Lady Sybil Ferrers, or, failing that, half her fortune. Now she is poor, but still he pursues her, for he hopes to kill off the new heirs and then marry Lady Sybil and the property. John Weatherby, fallen in love with the Earl's daughter, offers his hand and her old home. Let us bridge over the maze of incident which intervenes and announce that the noble girl, touched by the rough but honest fellow's devotion, returns Weatherby's love and finally marries him. The best scenes in the play are those between Sybil and John, and although even these are a little long drawn, the dialogue is crisp, the acting delicate, forceful and touching, and these alone would stamp Mr. John Clayton as a valuable acquisition to the stage for manliness and breadth of expression. Miss Coghlan had only to recall a similar scene in *My Son* which she recently acted at Wallack's, to secure a repetition of a very pretty triumph. The play had a success also in what we might call its accidental characters, but for the fact that they were made deliberately for certain artists. These were the characters played by Dominic Murray and Ada Gilman. It seemed, indeed, in the first two acts that Mr. Murray would carry off all the honours, and Miss Gilman, as Dickie the news-boy, and the twin sister, Midge, fairly shared in the applause won by the two central figures in the last acts. Mr. Clarke's Ruskov was perhaps the best piece of character acting that artist has achieved. Mr. Boucicault is too keen not to see where his play needs curtailing, and if he is in doubt a second night audience will indicate still better than a first night one. At times a short retort, a brilliant epigram, flashes out, and then follows prolixity. There is too much explanation, but the characters, if not new, are sharply drawn, and the story is interesting if spun out. There were several recalls before the curtain, and genial John Brougham was not forgotten in his disguise of O'Reilly, a rather mild detective. The latter's wife Mme. Aurelia, is a London Mme. Gilflory, and was keenly watched by the American lady of that ilk who was present in the house.

"The scenic effects were good. The set of Mount Audley in the first act was a fine picture of an old English manor house, and the sensational effect of the swing bridge in the third act was a simple but clever device, which, however, did not show to full advantage, as there were no lights in the train which shot rather noiselessly over the bridge. The waits were short, and everything went smoothly.

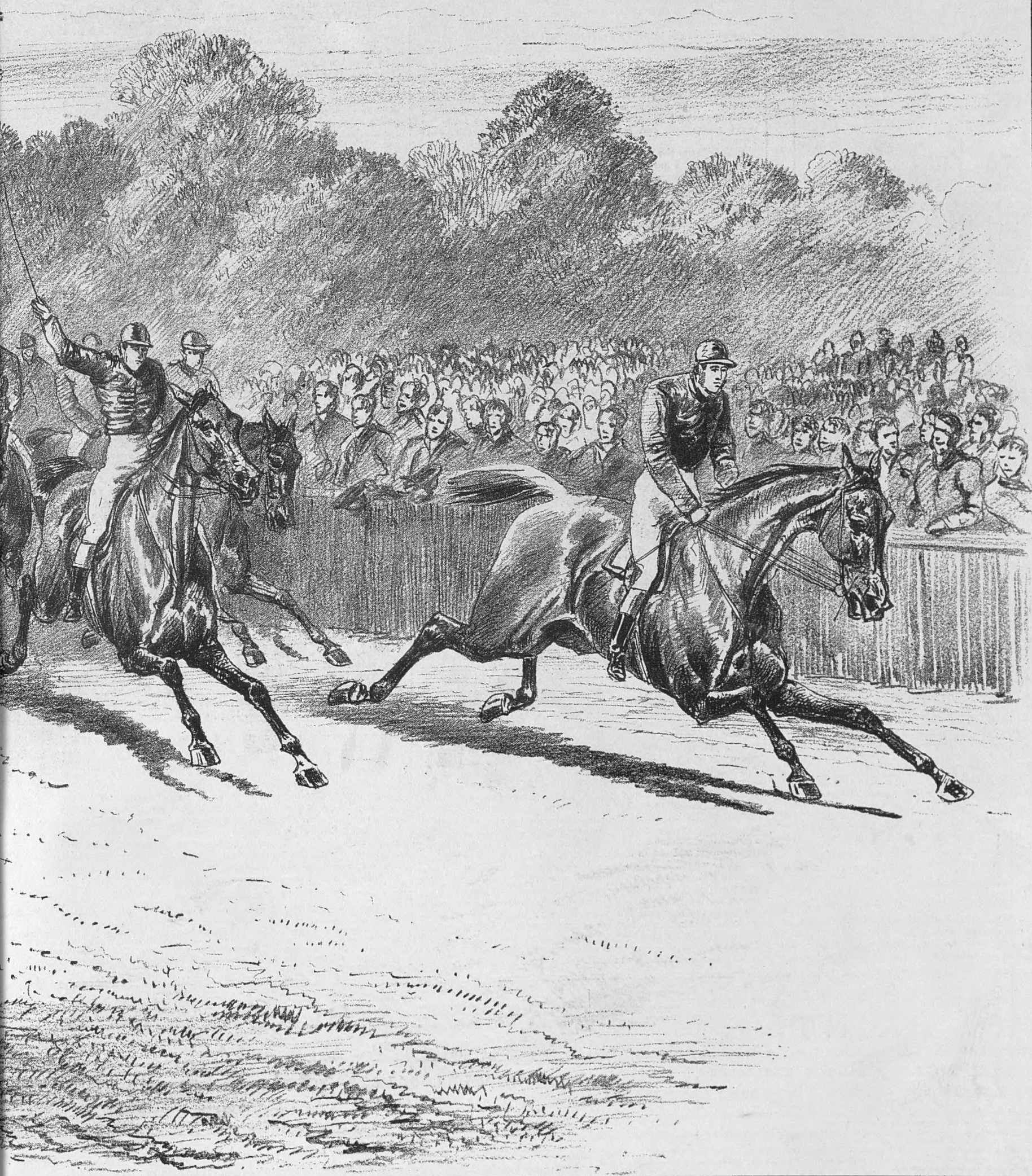
"Mr. Boucicault was called before the curtain at the end of the play. He said:—'You have been listening to me all the evening, and I do not intend now to detain you any longer. We have done the best we could for you in the short space we had to do it in, and the result I hope meets your approbation. You are worthy of the best, and you should always have it. The best of the best in art flows to you as an El Dorado, for you welcome it with open arms and remunerate it generously. For myself, during the quarter of a century I have had the pleasure of knowing you I have had many kindnesses from you, and in return I have tried to present you with the handsomest theatre in the world. I have no desire to be a manager—I am an actor and an author; and I intend to keep where I am. But, while I am here, be it long or short, I shall endeavour to do my best; and whether we succeed or fail, we shall work earnestly all the same. Thanking you very sincerely from the bottom of my heart for your generous appreciation to-night and for the many favours you have showered upon me, I bid you good night.'"

FOOTBALL was in full swing in Scotland on Saturday. A whole host of matches were played all over the country.

MR. THOMAS LITTLETON HOLT, who has for so many years past been associated with the Newspaper Press of this country, died on Sunday last at The Burrows, Hendon, at the ripe age of 85.



THE ST. LEGER—COMING INTO THE



RAIGHT, VIEWED FROM THE PADDOCK

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHN WATKINS.—Your solutions are all correct. J. W. in our issue of September 6 did not refer to you. We are pleased to hear that you solve our problems not on the board, but from the diagrams.
JUNIOR.—Your questions are so important and puzzling that we must postpone our answers to next week.
J. P. K.—Thanks for your letter, which will be noticed next week.
Solution of Problem No. 246, by R. L., Juvenis, and J. Watkins (King's Health) is correct.

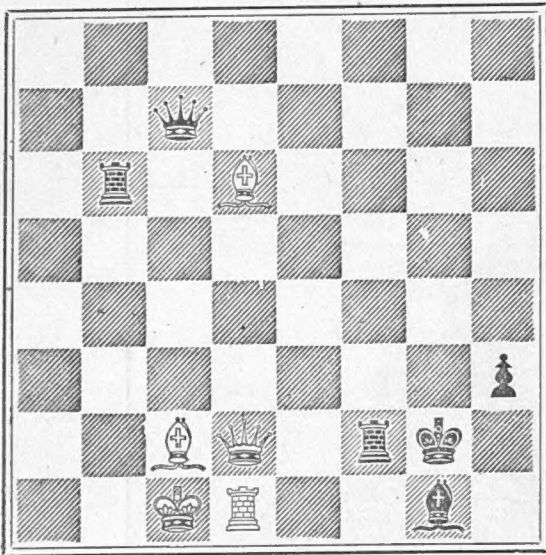
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 245.

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. B to Q Kt 6 | K takes B |
| 2. Kt to B 8 (ch) | K to Kt 4 |
| 3. K to Q 5 | P to Kt 3 |
| 4. Kt to R 7 (mate). | |

PROBLEM NO. 247.

In compliance with the request of several correspondents, we publish another puzzle:—

By E. J. L.
BLACK.



White having moved last, to retract his move and mate.

CHESS IN LONDON.

An interesting game played lately at Simpson's Divan, between two strong amateurs:—

[Allgaier Gambit.]

- | | | | |
|-------------------|------------------------------|---------------------|------------------------------|
| WHITE.
(I. O.) | BLACK.
(Mr. J. Mortimer.) | WHITE.
(I. O.) | BLACK.
(Mr. J. Mortimer.) |
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 10. Q B takes P (b) | Kt takes B |
| 2. P to K B 4 | P takes P | 11. P takes Kt | B to Q 3 (c) |
| 3. Kt to K B 3 | P to K Kt 4 | 12. B to K 5 (ch) | B takes B |
| 4. P to K R 4 | P to Kt 5 | 13. P takes B | R to K sq |
| 5. Kt to Kt 5 | P to K R 3 | 14. P to K 6 (d) | B takes P |
| 6. Kt takes B P | K takes Kt | 15. P takes B | R takes P (ch) |
| 7. B to B 4 (ch) | P to Q 4 | 16. K to B 2 | Q to K B sq (ch) |
| 8. B takes P (ch) | K to Kt 2 (a) | 17. K to Kt 3 (e) | R to K 6 (ch) |
| 9. P to Q 4 | Kt to K B 3 | 18. K to R 2 | R to R 6 (ch) (f) |

- (a) Some of the best analysts prefer K to K sq; if, in reply to the move in the text, White plays B takes Kt P, Black's best rejoinder is P to B 6.
(b) Kt to B 3 is the proper course here.
(c) Black shows sound judgment in thus developing his game rather than capturing a pawn.
(d) If Q to Q 4, Black plays Kt to B 3, and wins.
(e) If K to Kt sq, Black can win thus—
WHITE.
17.
18. K to R 2 (best)
19. K to Kt sq (a)
BLACK.
Q to Q B 4 (ch)
P to K 4 (ch)
P to Kt 6
(a) Q to K 7 (ch)
(f) A very pretty termination. White must now be mated next move, or lose his Queen for nothing.

CHESS AT SHEFFIELD.

A QUIANT but lively little game between Mr. Waterfall and the Rev. S. W. Earnshaw:—

[Irregular Opening.]

- | | | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. | WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 10. K to B 2 | B to B 4 (ch) |
| 2. P to K Kt 4 (a) | Kt to K B 3 | 11. K to Kt 3 | Q to B 5 (ch) |
| 3. P to Q Kt 3 (b) | P to Q 4 | 12. K to R 3 | Q to B 4 (ch) |
| 4. P takes P | B takes P | 13. K to Kt 2 | Q to B 7 (ch) |
| 5. P to K B 3 (c) | Kt takes P (d) | 14. K to R 3 | Kt to B 5 (ch) |
| 6. P takes B | Q to R 5 (ch) | 15. K to Kt 4 | P to B 4 (ch) |
| 7. K to K 2 | Q takes Kt P (ch) | 16. K takes P (f) | Castles (ch) |
| 8. K to K sq (e) | Q to R 5 (ch) | 17. K takes P | Q to Q 5 (mate) |
| 9. K to K 2 | Q to K 5 (ch) | | |

- (a) Novel and bizarre, but neither pretty nor sound.
(b) The object (if any) of this move is not apparent; P to Q 3 would at least have been kinder towards his pawns.
(c) B to K 2 would have betokened a less whimsical, but more chessical, rood on his part.
(d) Very well played; Black loses no time in proceeding to inflict deserved chastisement upon his opponent.

- | | |
|---------|------------------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| (e) If— | 8. K to Q 3 |
| | 9. K to K 2 |
| | 10. K to B 2 |
| (f) If— | 16. K to Kt 5 |
| | Castles and mates next move. |

CHESS CHAT.

Only last week I was deploring the dearth of chess news, or intelligence, as the euphonists call it. Well, this week I am more fortunate in respect of this desired commodity. I have news, perhaps not great, but certainly good news, and "spurred by

the irresistible bent" of my generous impulses, I now proceed to impart it. It will, I hope, fall gratefully upon the ears of the professional player, soothing his troubled spirits, and conjuring up visions of bliss such as his imagination has never yet pictured. The fact is, I have discovered his Eldorado, a semi-celestial region which only needs his presence to transform it into a paradise. There can he live in comfort, die in peace, and transmit an immortal name to posterity. A friend of mine has just returned from this land, and acquainted me with its special attractions. To sunny Spain, even to Madrid, let every professional chess-player who is wise and aspiring at once betake himself. There he will find himself at home, his position duly recognised, his labours amply rewarded. There is no journal to gibbet his escapades, no "Mars" with sword ready to strike offenders. In that beautiful city, chess-playing is not, as here, a mere institution; it is a profession. There the caissan votary dons a distinctive garb, hangs his chess board and men round his neck, and parades the street, singing or twanging a guitar to attract the attention of the residents who love the game. His employment is regular, his remuneration not scanty. And there, oh! blessed state of things, the professional, as such, is never taken out of the social sphere which Nature has fitted him to adorn. There is he in this manner employed and associated with by the patrons of chess who live in great houses. The dons, attracted by their music, beckon to them from their windows. The board, with the men thereon, is placed on the sill of the opened window. Within sits the Don in all his majesty; without stands the professional in all his glory. Thus are the games played, and at the conclusion of the contest a fee is handed to the professional, who, with a graceful bow, retires, to pursue his avocations. I approve of this arrangement, and recommend it for adoption in this country, as soon as our meteorologists assure us that rain will never again visit us inopportunely.

Thus the honest professional obtains his reward, whilst the Don preserves his grandeur untainted by the propinquity of his opponent; familiarities are avoided, unpleasant jokes remain uncracked, and no embarrassing acquaintanceships are formed.

"But," says the professional, indignant at my recital, "I am a gentleman; I am socially equal to the best conditioned member of any community, and, as such, I claim to be treated as the inferior of no man."

To which I respond, "If you are a gentleman, you certainly are entitled to be treated as an equal in the very best circles, but not otherwise; and though a lowly-born man is not incapable of developing into a gentleman, yet in many cases he may fail or may not even try to do so. Sometimes, when he attains high distinction in chess, he flatters himself that he is acting the part even of a nobleman, if not of a king, by claiming practical exemption from those laws and rules of society which have been dictated by the purest feelings of honour, and formularised into an unwritten code in all lands where civilisation prevails. If certain chess-players in this country had been kept outside the window until they had proved their fitness for the inside, many existing dissensions would have been prevented, and some poor weak brains would not have been turned."

MARS.

VETERINARIAN.

VICE IN HORSES—(Concluded.)

Kicking.—This is a vice of some moment, on account of its danger to limb and life also. When a horse is standing in his stall and a person is behind him, the foot in kicking reaches as high as the person's waist very often, and the blow is liable to be landed "below the belt." In this situation lies the solar plexus of nerves, a blow upon which is as surely fatal as a blow upon the brain itself; hence the rule of the Ring on this matter. The true kicker, like the true biter, is less often seen than any one would think. The horse that whisks his tail and lays his ears back is an ugly customer to look at and unpleasant anyhow, but these are hardly to be regarded as kickers all round, though now and then they let out. They are like the snapping horse, often threatening, but only threatening. The real kicker seldom threatens, at least he is not in the habit of threatening, but his leg is shot out without any warning whatever, and comes like thunder out of a clear sky, and takes his victim at the greatest disadvantage. Sex has much to do with kicking. Mares kick more in spring; geldings will kick at any time. Entire horses are seldom kickers, but are most inclined to kick in the spring and early summer, their favorite vice being rather nipping with the teeth or lips. Kicking at the stall posts is hardly a dangerous vice except to the well being of the hocks, and is largely indulged in by some mares. Kicking is always a dangerous vice when practised anywhere, but perhaps it is most dangerous in the stable, and most objectionable in the hunting field. In harness, the kicking strap is effectual in preventing damage, but feet get over traces and other pieces of harness, and this leads to fright and bolting. There is no cure for kicking that we are aware of. Some have connected the hind pasterns with a sharp bit, and have had the satisfaction of seeing the horse punish his own gums, but this is of no use eventually.

Restiveness.—This vice arises from a sulky temper, and may be regarded as equine sulks. It is the most aggravating of all equine vices. Some horses are restive in one form of harness or employment and not in others. Thus, we once had a mare that would do a hard day's work in light harness, and would also plough, but on no account would she draw an empty farm cart. She would go perhaps half-a-mile in the latter, then stop, and, if urged, would quietly sit down on her haunches and look her drivers in the face, and bid them do their worst. In all other work, and as a saddle horse, she never refused, but was most slavish. Another horse would go down the village, but would always stop after going ten yards up the village under any circumstances. Nothing rouses one's temper more than restive-

ness. Punishments one feels wont to inflict at the time are not to be mentioned. One most humane man under other circumstances we once knew set fire to a bundle of straw under a restive brute, and was successful too. The hind legs were hardly scorched before the brute went on well enough. Ever afterwards this lucky owner had only to carry a small wisp of dry straw in his pocket, the crackling of which was quite enough to overcome future halts. In the West Riding of Yorkshire it is rather a common resource, and by no means so cruel as it would seem, as there is a start made when too much warmth begins. It often results in a serious stampede, however, which may be no light matter in cases where the coast is not clear. To cure restiveness is almost impossible, but its treatment may be attempted. Restive horses may be divided into two classes—namely, into those in which the temper passes off in few minutes, and those in which it lasts throughout, and the horse has to be taken home as a failure. In the former, individual fits are overcome by patience, a little waiting until the mood gives way. There is no good in harsh measures, unless the owner is prepared for the severe measures we have referred to. It is best to coax, and wait for the time when the temper yields. We do not believe that the horse has the power of throwing off the temper at will. Thousands of young horses have been made to assume habitual restiveness under certain situations by being "overfaced." Overloading, steep hills, and other difficult situations have produced more restive cases than mere sulky temper, but it is not the case, as some hold, that all restive horses have been made so by being overtasked. The very large percentage of working horses that are restive, and the great value of them under happier circumstances, has often led us to wish that some enterprising horseman would make a study of the vice, with a view to its cure. Of course, if we are right in regarding it as the result of a sulky temper, nothing could be devised to remove the temper or disposition; but we deal with horses on different principles. The most rational device would be to employ a vehicle with motive power independent of the horse, which would be light enough for the horse to drag along, and at the same time capable of assuming break power beyond the horse's power to overcome. What is needed is a contrivance to push itself and the horse along the moment he stops and sulks, and, in case of need—such as his starting off at a bolt—a break power to bring him up. As matters stand at present, at a rough guess we believe fully three per cent. of working horses are restive, and so unreliable as to be semi-useless. The restive mare already quoted was one day taken to a foundry at a distance of four miles from her home, and a light cart with some castings—the cart and castings weighed 7 cwt.—was her only burden home again. The start home was commenced at twelve o'clock at noon, and by various means she was induced to proceed two miles up to 11.30 at night, when she was unyoked and led home in triumph—her triumph. A sleek powerful beast like this standing idle in the stable, whilst her fellow equines are having too much to do, is far from being an uncommon case.

Rearing, Buck-Jumping, Side-Jumping, Whirling, and Rolling.—These may all be regarded as vicious attempts to dislodge the rider, and are acquired by imitation, or are the outcome of instinct. When a horse of peculiar temper unseats a rider by movement, he is prone to adopt the same movement again for the same purpose. The appliances for rearing are well known, also the riding master's precept "to bend well forward, cling with the knees, and pull one rein only, to induce the rearer to move one of his hind feet," but all this only answers now and then. Horses in a rearing mood care not two straws for centres of gravity, and are only too apt to induce the rider to feel that the centre of gravity is somewhere above him. To bring the whip down between the ears is a capital plan, but requires exercising. Of all the dislodging move, however, rearing is the most amenable to treatment. Thousands of horses have been condemned as rearers by simpletons, which have no idea of doing anything beyond escaping from a sharp bit that they cannot bear. Sharp bits in tender mouths are cruelties to be escaped from, and rearing is at once the most effective and most natural mode of escape. After a horse predisposed to vice has once taken this means to escape from a cruel bit, and has found himself still further relieved—of his rider—it would be a wonder if his curiosity did not tempt him to try if the same thing would happen again. Our advice concerning this vice is, look to the bit, and see if the horse rears to escape it or his rider. Most cases are found when looked for to be due to too severe a bit or a tender mouth.

Buck-Jumping and Rolling are the surest ways of dislodging the rider. Against the latter there is no escape possible. Fortunately it is far from common in horses. Side-jumping nearly always arises from shying in the first instance, and is most effectual in dislodging the rider. When the dislodgment is incomplete after the side-leap, a rapid whirl completes it usually.

We will conclude our remarks on vice in horses by saying that it is a standing wonder to us that our horses have not intelligent schoolmasters. How is it that any broken-down horse dealer is entrusted with the tuition of our horses? Taking breakers as a class, is there a less intelligent class in a civilized community? We have only to point to the numerous "performing" horses as examples of the high training most horses are capable of. We have no hesitation in saying that it must have struck thousands of observers, when seeing a young horse at rope's length in front of his breaker, that the horse has appeared to have the brighter intellect of the two; at least it has often appeared to us that the one intellect was beer-besodden, whilst the other was bright and impressionable.

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